WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN SWITZERLAND

CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS BOOKS

Independent Volumes With Characteristic Illustrations and Cover Designs 12mo Cloth

There are many books *about* the children of other countries, but no other group like this, with each volume written by one who has *lived* the foreign child life described, and learned from subsequent experience in this country how to tell it in a way attractive to American children — and in fact to Americans of any age.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN CHINA
By Yan Phou Lee

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN ITALY
By Marietta Ambrosi

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN JAPAN
By Sakae Shioya

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN GREECE
By George Demetrios

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PALESTINE
By Mousa J. Kaleel

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN BELGIUM
By Robert Jonckheere

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN RUSSIA
By Vladimir De Bogory Mokrievitch

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN ROUMANIA
By Dr. J. S. Van Teslaar

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN HOLLAND
By Cornelia De Groot

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN MEXICO
By Mercedes Godoy

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN ICELAND
By Holmfridur Arnadottir

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN PERSIA
By Youel B. Mirza

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN SCOTLAND
By George McPherson Hunter

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.
BOSTON

"My Own Dear Mother's Picture."—*Page 51.*

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN SWITZERLAND

By

S. LOUISE PATTESON

Author of "Pussy Meow," and "How to Have Bird Neighbors"

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

c 19 C1

Published, October, 1921

IQ36
.P3

Copyright, 1921
By Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

All Rights Reserved

When I Was a Girl In Switzerland

NOV 18 1921

©Cl. A627789

Printed in U. S. A.

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
Norwood, Mass.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	A Motherless Home	9
II.	Happier Days and a New Mother	23
III.	Earliest Recollections	33
IV.	At Grandfather's	44
V.	America and Switzerland	60
VI.	A Baby Brother	77
VII.	Pestalozzi and School-Days	86
VIII.	More School-Days	94
IX.	School Holidays	104
X.	A School Outing	112
XI.	The Dear Old Schoolhouse	119
XII.	Our New Frau Pfarrer	125
XIII.	The Needlework School	136
XIV.	Popular Holidays and Folk-lore	141
XV.	Some Simple Tasks of Childhood	153
XVI.	An Eventful Decision	166
XVII.	The High School—First Year	174
XVIII.	Everything Working Out All Right	186

XIX.	Girlish Plannings . . .	195
XX.	Miscellania	199
XXI.	The High School — Second Year	208
XXII.	An Unexpected Turn of Events	215
XXIII.	America the Wonderful .	221
	Index	229

127

ILLUSTRATIONS

"My Own Dear Mother's Picture" (Page 51) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Kaiserstuhl 10

One of those big Swiss Farmhouses where the Barn and Shed are under the same Roof as the Dwelling 24

The dear old Village Church 24

The Storks 54

Pestalozzi, Friend of Children and Father of Orphans 88

The Obscure Village of Weiach 100

Teacher held the Amsel up, so that the Children could see it 100

Charlemagne's Palace 112

Charlemagne on the Grossmünster . . 112

The Hospitable Tile Stove 132

The Sampler bids fair to become an Heir-loom 140

Fasnacht Day in Zürich 142

Uninvited Guests at a Picnic Table . . 122

A Stretch of Vine-clad Rhine Bank in the Background 158

Boys as well as Girls fetch and carry things in both Tause and Krätze 164

The Hauser Home was built in 1812 . . 212

WHEN I WAS A GIRL IN SWITZERLAND

CHAPTER I

A MOTHERLESS HOME

My family home was in an obscure village called Weiach, but situated on the romantic river Rhine. Our Swiss language was an equally obscure dialect.

In my home in those early days there was no mother. We had a housekeeper, and she was kind to me, that is, she let me do about as I pleased. But I found it pleasanter in the homes of my aunts and other friends than at home, so I spent most of my time visiting among them.

I liked most of all to go to Aunt Elizabeth, my father's younger sister. Her husband was the village postmaster. Now the Swiss Federal Railroad brings the

mail and passengers to Weiach; but in those days a stage-coach brought them. There were always some children present to watch it come and go, for it was driven by a gaily uniformed postilion, with horses in glittering harness; and he used to play lively airs on his bugle as they galloped through the village, and on toward the little town of Kaiserstuhl.

That name "Kaiserstuhl" is significant. Literally translated, it means "Emperor's seat." Centuries before there was a Republic of Switzerland, Julius Cæsar reigned over Helvetia, a part of Europe which is now included in Switzerland. A symbolic figure called Helvetia is the patron goddess of Switzerland, as Columbia is of America.

In Kaiserstuhl Cæsar had one of his headquarters in a grim-looking tower which still frowns over that antiquated town. Opposite the road and facing an overcrowded churchyard is a quaint and small church which has its back turned,

KAISERSTUHL.—*Page 10.*
In this grim-looking tower Julius Caesar had his headquarters.

as if in holy horror, to its gloomy neighbor. For inside of this tower are still shown ghastly implements of discipline that were used in those early days.

Hard on the opposite Rhine shore, in the province of Baden, there is a beautiful castle. In my days it was an inn, to which we often went for a holiday outing; now it is a hospital. In those days also the Rhine was spanned by an ancient covered bridge which had a rumbling echo. It used to be great sport for us children to shout from one end of the bridge to the other as loudly as we could, and then listen to our own words.

In Kaiserstuhl I had a friend named Marie Pilger, several years older than I. Whenever there were any festivals or fairs there, Marie would come and fetch me to her home for the occasion. Sometimes we went to the Rhine bridge, and just as sure as the children on the opposite side saw us they would shout over to us, "Oh, you Swiss cheese-bags!" Then

we would shout back, "Oh, you Badener wind-bags!"

During a visit to Switzerland I was sorry to miss that old bridge. In its place was a modern one. A statue of the martyred saint, John of Nepomuk, which used to be a wonderment to us children because it was so huge, had been removed from the far end to near the middle, so as to indicate the boundary line between the two countries.

One could write a whole book about Kaiserstuhl, so ancient is it and so quaint and hilly and crooked. The old town literally hangs on a slope extending all the way from the tower to the Rhine shore, and the streets are paved with cobblestones clear up to the gloomy old houses. In Switzerland, horses are scarce and light teaming is done with dogs. I have seen women who were driving milk-carts help the dog pull his load up those steeps. From an incident such as this probably originated the reports circulated by tour-

ists that in Switzerland one may see a dog and a woman hitched together to a load. It is not true.

In Baedeker's "Switzerland," Kaiserstuhl is referred to on page 59 as "an old town with massive tower," and the railroad station, which is midway between the two places, is listed as "Weiach-Kaiserstuhl."

My cousin Rudi, the postmaster's son, was only a year older than I; but ever since I could remember he delivered the mail to our house; and I suppose to all the other villagers. He was commonly called the "Postrudi," because it is customary there to designate people by their occupation or location, or both.

In Switzerland handwork and homemade things are favored by the Government over factory products. People who make things in their own homes do not have to pay as high a tax as those do who make them on a large scale in factories. This is done to encourage people to be

their own masters, instead of serving somebody who wants all the profits. For this reason many industries, such as weaving, knitting, braiding of straw, watchmaking, and wood-carving, are extensively carried on in homes, and every locality has some leading home industry.

The great home industry in my part of the country was silk-weaving, and it was pursued almost entirely by women. My Aunt Verena, Father's older sister, had two daughters who were silk-weavers. Their looms were in a wing which had been added to their house for this especial purpose, and this room was to my childish notion the prettiest I had ever known. It was papered in blue and white, and the flowers were the lovely Swiss gentians. I loved to go there, too.

Another silk-weaver friend was Nenna, who had her loom in the living-room. The walls in her house were not so pretty as those at my cousins'; they were finished in wood, and looked dark and gloomy.

Every day Nenna sat at her loom, just as my cousins did, plying a shuttle from side to side. She made a web of silk, and so did my cousins, about once a month, as I heard them say. Every so often the three went away somewhere all dressed up, each carrying an immense roll of something on top of the head. It was the bolt of silk cloth that they had woven, and they were taking it to the city, five hours distant.

In those days distances were measured by hours, and an hour was about three American miles. Now distances are measured by the metric system.

Another of my friends was Barbara, the seamstress. She lived in a house that was thatched with straw, and not tiled like the other houses. The straw thatch hung so far over the windows that it made the rooms dark, and it was not pleasant there. But Barbara made my dresses, and I had to go there to have them fitted.

I always wanted my clothes made as a lady friend of mine wore hers, the skirt

separate, and the basque tight-fitting. But Barbara was contrary and always made me just those one-piece dresses that were worn by all the other girls.

This other friend, whose clothes I liked so well, was just a lady. There were no looms in her house and no dressmaking. She sometimes worked in her garden, which had a picket fence all around it, overgrown with vines. Sometimes she had time to curl my hair into ringlets.

Then, of course, I sometimes visited our "Frau Pfarrer." Her husband was the "Herr Pfarrer," or minister. In Switzerland a lady shares the title of her husband: if a doctor, she is Frau Doctor; if a professor, she is Frau Professor, and so on.

Frau Pfarrer lived in the "Pfarrhaus," as the parsonage was called. It was near our house, and right beside the churchyard gate. When I went to her house I had to ring a bell. Then somebody upstairs did something to make the door fly

open. First there was a big hall with red tiled floor, then there were stairs almost as white as snow. I forgot to say that you had to wipe your feet on an iron rack and then on a rope mat, before the door would fly open.

Those stairs were scrubbed every week, whether they needed it or not. The woman who scrubbed at the Pfarrhaus was also my friend.

Around the Pfarrhaus there was a big garden with graveled paths, and near the gate there was a summer-house covered with vines. During pleasant weather Frau Pfarrer often sat in there with her fancy-work. This summer-house was one of my favorite spots in the whole village. There was a table in it, and benches, and windows to look through.

A Swiss girl learns very early how to knit, and our Frau Pfarrer taught me in that summer-house before I was old enough to go to school. She also taught me how to make the balls that we girls

used to play with. We just took a wad of paper and wrapped some yarn around it until it was the right shape and size. Then we covered it with a layer or two of brightly colored worsted and sewed it round and round with fancy stitches.

There was a wall around the Pfarrhaus garden almost as tall as the summer-house itself. The only place where an outsider could get a glimpse of the garden was through the iron gate.

Frau Pfarrer used to send me on all sorts of errands. Once she gave me a little crock and told me to go to the bakery and get a "hebel," which is a bread-raiser. It is just a piece of dough left over from one baking for the next, and allowed to get very spongy. With this they raise their bread, just as in this country we do it with yeast.

I had never been sent to the bakery before and didn't know where it was. I went to the schoolhouse and walked right up to the schoolmaster. He was fast

asleep, and when I held that crock before him and asked for a hebel, the children laughed so loud that it awakened him. When he saw what I wanted he laughed, too, and he didn't scold the children at all. But from that day until the day we left for America I had to hear about that hebel.

Sometimes Frau Pfarrer had guests from the city, ladies who wore the newest fashions long before anybody in our village had them. One such guest was Mari Widmer. Mari allowed me to call her by her first name, and she wore the first hoop-skirt that I ever saw. It was from her that I learned that Switzerland was one of the most beautiful countries in the world, and that there were countries where they did not have snow on the mountains in the summer-time. In her city home and also at the Pfarrhaus Mari was used to the fine white baker's bread, but she was very fond of our rye bread and our unsalted white butter.

It was quite an honor for any little girl to have Mari as a friend, but I was already very democratic, even in my young days. There was in our village a poor-house. In it on the ground floor lived an old couple known as the Christofels. They had a goat, for in Switzerland the goat is the poor man's cow. Every so often there were baby goats. We called them "gitzeli," and they were very lively little playmates. I do not remember where the mother-goat stayed nights, but the gitzeli had their bed under a bench in the living-room, and in daytime they were all about the house. Frau Christofel always served whatever they had at a meal in a big brown dish. From a leather strap tacked to the wall in loops, each took a spoon and both ate from the same dish. They never invited me to eat with them, but that was, I suppose, because they had only those two spoons.

Up-stairs in the same house lived a family with children. The house was so

very old it had to be torn down, but those people just wouldn't move. I was in their room one morning when they were eating breakfast and one side of the building was already gone, so that I could look right out into the churchyard. But finally they did go, and then the village built a fire-engine house on the spot, with some rooms up-stairs where the band used to play.

I do not remember having more than three playmates during those early years. One was Vreneli, the sexton's daughter. Her father always rang the church bell on Sundays, and when there was a wedding or a funeral, and every evening at six o'clock when it was "betzyt," meaning prayer time. Another of my playmates was Setti, daughter of the innkeeper who was the brother of my lady friend. The other girl was Lizzie, the tinker's daughter. But I was more given to visiting around among my friends than to playing with little girls. Almost daily Father

had to go hunting for me at meal-time. Whenever he found me at my lady friend's house, he stopped to have a little visit with her, and then he was always pleasanter about it than he was when he had to hunt for me in places farther away. He would carry me home on his back with my arms twined around his neck.

CHAPTER II

HAPPIER DAYS AND A NEW MOTHER

As I look back upon those early days I recall that there were seven in our family: Grandfather, my father, my uncles Hans, Heiri, and Hans-Heiri, Greta the housekeeper, and my small self. On three of his sons Grandfather spent only two names, although he had a whole almanac full of names to choose from. He was always looking up things in that almanac. Certain things had to be done on Johannis day, others on Andreas day. On Martin's day certain payments and interests fell due, and so on. Then also there were things recorded in the almanac, for instance, what day Katy the cow went dry, when Cæsar the horse was bought, and so on. The weights and measurements of the pigs and calves were also recorded from time to time, as were

many other things. Yes, the almanac was an important document in a Swiss family. From it names were chosen for the babies, and name-days were celebrated in families rather than birthdays. My father's name-day was Jacob's day in late July. On that day we always had the first new potatoes from our fields for dinner.

Uncle Heiri was my godfather. He married the daughter of one of our neighbors, and then I got another Aunt Elizabeth. She lived in one of those big farmhouses where the barns and sheds are under the same roof as the dwelling. They also had their own fountain; the year engraved on it was 1731, the same year that the house was built. That was only twenty-five years later than the village church, which bore the mark 1706.

At the fountain, people watered their cattle, housewives washed their greens, boys sailed their boats in the trough, and any one who was thirsty drank at the spout.

ONE OF THOSE BIG SWISS FARMHOUSES WHERE THE BARN AND SHED ARE UNDER THE SAME ROOF AS THE DWELLING.—*Page 24.*

Switzerland is rich in forests, and houses are built of the best timber. This one has housed successive generations of the same family since 1731.

THE DEAR OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.—*Page 36.*

Church and churchyard form the nucleus of every Swiss village. This church was built in 1706.

In due time Godfather started a bakery and made the white bread that was used at the Pfarrhaus. He also made all sorts of cakes for holidays, and those big biscuits which we called "weggli." They were just delicious with honey, of which we always had plenty because we kept bees.

After a while Uncle Hans also left home.

He was "President" of the village, as the mayor is called there. Later he became representative of his district. But he always remained a plain farmer, so much so that he became known as a "modern Cincinnatus." By that time Father had some apprentice boys to learn his trade, which was that of a locksmith. Those boys and the helpers in Father's shop were members of our family. From that time on life in our home became more cheerful, for those lads made merry with their songs and yodels and dancing at every leisure hour. They taught me to

dance, a boy holding the mouth-organ with one hand and swinging me about the room with the other.

Vreneli, Setti, and Lizzie often came to my house to play. I was nearest to a brickyard where we got our clay for making mud-pies. Playing " house " was one of our favorite pastimes. I would be the mother, Vreneli the father, because she was taller than I, Setti and Lizzie the aunts. We used to borrow a neighbor girl to be our baby.

In Switzerland a family is often named after the trade of the father, or after some peculiar trait of an ancestor. The little girl we used to borrow was known as "Brod-Hanse Mari," because her father's name was Hans, and he at one time had been a dealer in bread—*Brod.*

Mari had long blonde curls, and one day we girls concluded that they were too long. I got the scissors and Vreneli held Mari while I trimmed those curls to suit our taste.

Soon after that one day I met Mari's mother coming from the village fountain, and carrying a " gelte " of water on her head. Mari was walking beside her with a tiny gelte of water also on her head. A gelte is similar to a small tub, and different sizes are made for old and young, of both wood and copper.

Mari's mother invited me most cordially to go home with her. I did so, and when we got inside she closed the door, gave me a terrible spanking and sent me home saying, " I guess you know what it's for."

Once in a while we played in Vreneli's house. She was almost as near to the brickyard as I was, but she had a fretful grandmother and we never stayed there very long. At Lizzie's house it was unpleasant because her father had his tinker shop in the living-room and it was full of queer odors. In cold weather sometimes also the cow was bedded in there in a corner. Many a time I have seen her there

with a dear little calf beside her. Setti lived at the inn, where there were always many people, so, taking it all around, my home was the best to play in.

One rainy day I was playing alone. I had made several trips to the brickyard for clay, and my shoes were muddy, the strings untied and trailing. While I had my hands in the " dough," along came the Herr Pfarrer down the road toward our house.

Now in a Swiss village Herr Pfarrer is the most august personage. Whenever a child meets him, a respectful curtsy and proffer of the right hand is in order. I wiped my muddy hands on my apron and extended my right with the usual greeting, " God greet you, Herr Pfarrer." As I did so I happened to think of my disreputable-looking shoes, and, forgetting all about the dignity and loftiness of Herr Pfarrer, I held up a foot and asked him to tie the string. I think the Reverend gentleman must have been touched by

the innocence and spontaneity of my request, for he did smilingly stoop without a moment's hesitation and tie both of my shoes. I can to this day see the dark streaks which those muddy strings left across the backs of his white hands. When he had finished he took out his immaculate handkerchief and wiped them off.

On another occasion I was busy carrying shavings from our carpenter's work-bench into the wood-shed. Herr Pfarrer had stopped to talk with my father, and I had to pass them every trip, both going and coming. It had been so forcefully impressed upon me that Herr Pfarrer must be greeted in the proper way whenever you pass him, that I stopped every time to curtsy and to proffer my hand, until finally Father told me I was excused.

I am sure I should not remember these incidents were it not for the fact they were common gossip. I had to hear

about them from time to time until we left for America.

One of my early recollections is of our house full of company: uncles, aunts, cousins, and some strangers. On every hand, in pantry and storeroom and cellar, for days past, shelves had been loaded and cupboards filled with good things to eat. There were hams and sausages and roasts, and the kinds of breads and cake that we had only on holidays. And yet this was no holiday time.

On this day when we had so much company, my lady friend was there, too, and she was the most beautiful of all the guests. She had all the things which, according to my childish notion, belonged to the outfit of a fine lady: a silk parasol, lace shawl, beaded purse, gold watch and chain, and her dress was of that wonderful silk which could " stand alone."

Soon after all this company got together they formed a procession. When all were lined up two by two they reached

from our house to the village fountain. Then they started to walk over to the church, my father and my lady friend walking in front and I between them. When we got into the church my father and the lady stepped forward where they were met by the Herr Pfarrer. I started to follow them, but one of those strange ladies caught hold of me and held me tight until Father and the lady came back to their seats. Then we all went home.

The lower story of our house was so arranged that the upper half of the partition walls could be raised on hinges and fastened to the ceiling. On this occasion the whole down-stairs, except the kitchen, was one great dining-hall. Tables were set with snowy linen and glittering silver and loaded with the good things I had seen in storeroom and pantry and cellar. Most beautiful of all were the flowers, a great bouquet on every table, and many bottles of ruby-colored wine.

I have ever since remembered that day

as the first time I could have all the cake and pie I wanted; I also got a new doll.

It was indeed a great feast—a wedding feast—for on that occasion my father told me that my lady friend was now my mother.

CHAPTER III

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

SOME of my earliest recollections are not happy ones. I tell them in this chapter because I wanted my story to have a pleasant beginning.

The most "away back" incident that I can remember happened to a doll—a "bought" doll. My other dolls had all been rag dolls. And this was a boy-doll dressed in white knitted jacket, cap and trousers, like a Swiss lad in a winter sport suit. I do not remember who gave me that doll, but have always believed that I did not have it long, because the last time I saw it, it was still white and clean. That "last time" was when I looked through tears at my dollie as it floated a few minutes in a cistern before it sank from sight. Our neighbor boy Jacques had knocked it out of my hand.

Jacques was only a year older than I, but he was a big strong boy. He was a stutterer, and whenever he could not say the words he wanted to fast enough, he would make such terrible faces that any little girl would run for dear life. His orchard and ours joined where there was a ridge all the way across. In the cleft of that ridge every spring grew the pretty flowers which here we call snowdrops. I feel sure that some of those snowdrops grew on our side; but whenever I went to get any it seemed as though Jacques was lying in wait somewhere. He would wait until I was just on the point of picking a flower and then come on the run and make one of his frightful faces. It seemed as if he knew that that was all he had to do to scare any little girl.

It was the same way with a walnut-tree that stood in our orchard, but so close to the boundary line that nearly half the nuts fell over on Jacques' side. It was my daily task to gather up the fruits that

fell in our orchard, whether apples, pears, plums, or nuts. But just as sure as I stepped across the line for a nut Jacques would run out from hiding and pursue me.

One of my earliest recollections is the funeral of my uncle, Hans-Heiri. The last time I looked at him he lay in a casket outside the front door. All the young people of our village, led by the schoolmaster, sang around the casket. Then they formed a procession and went to the churchyard, four of the young men bearing the casket on their shoulders. Many were crying as they walked along. I was crying, too, but that was because I wasn't allowed to be in the procession. I couldn't see why those should cry who were in it. After they had all filed into the churchyard there was more singing at the grave, and then they went into the church. From a window I could see it all, and I was still crying when they came back home.

In Switzerland the Church is really a state institution, the same as the public school. During a visit some years ago to my old home I took pictures of the dear old village church just as a funeral procession was filing in through the churchyard gate. For the size of our village it was astonishing to me how many people turned out. It is a sort of unwritten law that at a funeral service every home in the village should be represented. Incidentally this photograph shows to the extreme left a part of my home and, in fact, the very window from which I watched Uncle Hans-Heiri's funeral procession. On the extreme right is shown a corner of the summer-house in the Pfarrhaus garden. The building in the background with that high, arched entrance was the fire-engine house. I recall only two fires in our village when the engine had to be called out. Each time my father sat in front with the driver. I shall never forget how the blazes flared up when the fire

reached those wonderful feather beds, two enormous ones, with bolsters and huge pillows on every bedstead.

But to return to the picture: the one-story building in the foreground was our community wash-house. The Swiss of those days had more regard for utility than for appearance, and that squatty structure was made to face the main road right there in front of the churchyard and the Pfarrhaus, because the brook went by there, making it handy to get water. That brook then turned a right angle and passed between our house and the garden.

It was a wide and rapidly flowing brook, inclosed in stone masonry, the water clear as crystal, coming, no doubt, from the adjacent mountain, the "Höbrig." A plank served as bridge between our house and garden, and immediately beyond the garden was our orchard. Farther on was the property of neighbor Jacques, and oh, the times I fell off that plank when pursued by him! Fortu-

nately there were some steps in the masonry right there, leading down to the water's edge, so I could always help myself out of the difficulty; and by the time I again reached dry land my pursuer was always out of sight.

My Uncle Hans-Heiri had been the drummer of the village band, and I remember how he used to toss and whirl those drumsticks. He was often called to play at the feasts and reunions which formed so prominent a part in the social and military life of the Swiss. Small as it is, Switzerland has a standing army of 250,000 able-bodied and trained soldiers; but they live in their homes, except during the few weeks a year which they spend at a garrison to be instructed in military tactics. They are great for holding shooting-matches, when all the young men who are under military training meet and have target practice.

Uncle Hans-Heiri never failed to bring me something nice on returning from his

trips. I believe it was he who gave me that boy-doll. At the time of his death I was too young to realize my loss. Later, on listening to conversations between my father and his friends I learned what a fine young man he had been. In those days I used often to get up on a bench that lined the wall in the living-room and look at a wreath of flowers and leaves and buds that were made out of Uncle Hans-Heiri's hair and mounted in a frame under glass. Then I used to cry because he was gone. From what I learned later, Uncle Hans-Heiri had been a soldier. I do remember that whenever he went away with his drum he was in uniform and wore a tall chapeau with chin-strap, and carried a knapsack.

When up on that bench, for want of better amusement, I used also to look at the baptismal certificates that hung on the wall. Mine had a special interest to me because on it was a picture of a handsomely dressed lady holding a baby in

front of a baptismal font and Herr Pfarrer baptizing it. I always imagined I was the baby cuddled in those flowing white robes. As I grew older, I loved to read the verses under the picture. I must have read them many times, for to my great astonishment I can now recall the first of the four verses. Liberally translated, it is this:

An inexpressible blessing comes to you through baptism. It dedicates you as a child of God; therefore, be ever piously minded.

A short time after Uncle Hans-Heiri's death, Grandfather died also. Then after another while my new mother came, and our Greta took a long vacation.

With that new régime in our home there came more happiness into my childhood. About that time I took a notion that I wanted my hair braided, as the older girls had it, and Mother consented. She also bought me a net with a ribbon

ruche across the crown. But my friends all disliked the braids, and I soon went back to curls.

Up to that time I had always slept with Greta; but Mother brought among her dower a little walnut bedstead—for me. It was just long enough to stand at the foot of her bed without projecting at either side. I was very proud to have my own little bed for the first time in my memory, and that doll which I received on the wedding day had to sleep with me.

I remember how happy it made me when Mother stroked my cheeks in her affectionate way and smoothed my hair. I liked to be in the kitchen when she was cooking meals, and chat with her. I suspect that at such times I used to boast, as children will, of things I intended to do when I should be a grown-up. I remember hearing her tell little incidents of this kind. One that has lodged in my memory is her telling Aunt Verena that I had

said that when I got big all she would have to do would be to help me.

I do not recall ever seeing Greta or any one else winding up our big stationary clock, but it is one of the first things I remember seeing Mother do. It became my ambition to be tall enough so that I could reach and pull down those stone weights, and set the hands.

About this time I began to do little chores around the house, such as bringing wood into the kitchen and carrying water from the village fountain. I had a tiny copper gelte about the size of a wash-bowl, and I always went with Mother to the fountain and carried some water home. The village housewives washed all such vegetables as lettuce, and spinach and chard at the fountain, each always using two geltes so as to change from one to the other. This sometimes made it rather crowded, and often the women got in each other's way. I remember once seeing one shove her neighbor's gelte full

of spinach off the trough. The spinach lay there until evening when the cattle came to water and ate it. One of those women was Barbara, the seamstress, and the other her sister-in-law. After that they were no longer friends.

I still had another grandfather, but he lived a long way off; at least so it seemed to me, because we had to go there on foot and it was a two-hour journey. My father always took me there at least once a year, and at Grandfather's some of my happiest young days were spent. That will make a chapter all by itself.

CHAPTER IV

AT GRANDFATHER'S

THE river Rhine is the northern boundary of all but a small part of Switzerland. In that small part is the so-called Rafzerfeld — meaning Field of Rafz. That was where my other grandfather lived, in the hamlet of Buchenloo.

To go there, we went first to Rheinfelden, where we crossed the Rhine in a rowboat. Then we walked through a dense forest, in which there was only a foot-path. I can remember hearing "Ku-Ku" as we went through the woods, exactly as you hear it in the cuckoo clocks. I never saw the bird; he kept himself so well hidden. Then followed a wagon road, and along there somewhere we always stopped at an inn for refreshments. Long before we reached Grandfather's

home, Father would point out different parcels of land and say, " Here is Grandfather's rye, there is his wheat acre, and yonder his meadow." When we got to a big orchard we knew we were near Grandfather's house; but we couldn't see it until we got close to it, there were so many big trees.

With Grandfather lived my uncles, Ulrich and Solomon, and their wives, Ursula and Judith. There was also another Uncle Hans there, and he was unmarried. Grandfather built an addition to his house when his sons were married, so they could live at home with him. Uncles Ulrich and Hans were farmers and helped till the land. Uncle Solomon was a shoemaker and had his shop at home.

A shoemaker's shop is usually a rather dull place, but Uncle Solomon's was different. He usually had some growing plants in his window, and on his workbench was Hanseli, the canary. There

was always music in that shop, for when Hanseli did not sing, Uncle Solomon did. Sometimes both sang together. Beside his regular food, every day at noon Hanseli was given two hemp seeds. He seemed to know when the time came, and if Uncle forgot to give them to him, Hanseli reminded him of it by loud chirping and by climbing on the side of the cage. Every morning Hanseli had a bath, and after that he was given his liberty in the shop for a little while. But he usually returned of his own accord to the cage after flitting about the vines and plants. Grandfather always ordered some new shoes for me; but I didn't like Uncle Solomon's shoes because they wouldn't squeak like store shoes.

Grandfather also always ordered a new dress for me. I was permitted to go to the store in Rafz with him or one of the aunts, and select the goods myself. Then he told the seamstress to make it just as I wanted it. Here at Grandfather's it was

that I got my first two-piece dress, a skirt and a zouave jacket.

Those dresses were for Sunday, of course; but one of them came to a sad end. I remember it perfectly; it was black and green irregularly striped, something like a rag carpet pattern. One Sunday I was looking for walnuts. As usual Jacques chased me, and I didn't see him until he was very close to me. In my confusion I ran so fast that I stepped on the edge of a lime-pit and my dress became spattered all along the hem with white streaks. I feared a scolding at home; but as it was already late afternoon, time to change my best Sunday dress for the second best, I went home and quietly up to my room. There I put on my second best, and put the spattered one away back in the wardrobe. When I came down-stairs, Mother remarked how good I was that day to take off my new dress without crying.

All that week I wondered what I should do when next Sunday came. For-

tunately it rained that Sunday, so I had a good excuse for holding up my dress on going to and from Sunday School, and I carefully turned in the hem. When I came home dinner was ready and I sat right down to the table. After dinner I knelt in front of a chair with a picture-book, and very early in the afternoon I went up-stairs to change dresses. Again I was praised for having become so obedient. The third Sunday it did not rain, and my spoiled dress was noticed; but I got off easier than I had expected. Every Sunday after that until Christmas, when I got a new one, I had to wear that dress to Sunday School. In our prim village that was considered a terrible disgrace. Everything had to be immaculate when we went to God's house.

Grandfather had also had two daughters, each of whom died in young womanhood and left a baby girl. Cousin Elizabeth was one, and I the other. "Lisebeteli" was her pet name, just as Betty

would be here. She lived in the village of Wyl, about a half-hour from Buchenloo, and separated by a dense forest. My godmother lived there, too. Once when Grandfather and I were visiting at my godmother's, I was climbing up on his knee just as he was taking a pinch of snuff. A tiny speck fell into one of my eyes. It was terribly painful, and I shall never forget what a commotion there was in the house. When the doctor came, he could find nothing in my eye. I had cried so much, he said, the tears had washed it all away.

Grandfather always wanted Cousin Lisebeteli and me to visit him at the same time; but she was much older than I and could not often come. I recall only one visit where she was present. She was then dressed like a big girl, with her hair braided and coiled at the back of the head around an " arrow," as a girl's hair ornament was called. She never wore the Rafzerfeld costume, because she wanted

to be a city girl. The last time I saw her she wore long dresses and a "waterfall," as a lady's false hair was then called, when I was still in short dresses and had my hair done in curls. And she was married and went with her husband to Australia when I was still a schoolgirl. At Grandfather's I learned to like bonny-clabber, which is just plain sour milk congealed into a solid mass. When my uncles and their helpers and the aunts sat down to their nine-o'clock lunch of bread and wine, Grandfather would order a crock of clabber. Then with his spoon he would draw a line across the middle of it; one-half was mine, the other half his, and the game was to see which could keep his side longest from caving in. It was a real game of skill, at which I was always the winner. But I believe now that Grandfather always purposely made his side cave in first.

While I was still very young, before I had my new mother, our Frau Pfarrer taught me some little prayers. Grand-

father wanted me to recite them for him and for the rest of the family; but I was bashful and refused to do it. One day after dinner Grandfather went to bed and they all said that he was sick; but that they believed if I would pray for him he would get well. I went behind a curtain and repeated a prayer, and immediately Grandfather was up again.

A lady in our village who had come from Buchenloo and had known my mother as a girl, used always to say whenever she met me, " Child, when I see you it seems as though I saw your mother." This one day set me to wishing that I might see just how my mother had looked, and I questioned my friend about it. She gave me a picture of a lady dressed in the picturesque Rafzerfeld costume, and said it looked just like my mother. I have ever since treasured it as my own dear mother's picture.

The only thing that ever belonged to my mother that was saved for me is a

chain that she used to wear on her corsage, like the lady in the picture. I am sure that Grandfather was just the kind of a man that would give his daughters almost anything they wanted. After I got to be older I used often to wonder why more of those pretty things that my mother must have had were not saved for me.

Those days that I spent at Grandfather's were the red-letter days of my life. I rode on the biggest loads of hay, and whenever there was a "chutcheli," as we called a baby calf, it was my special pet. Grandfather never had goats, so I had no "gitzeli" there to play with. Even in midsummer, when everybody was busy, Grandfather found time to take me for walks. He never tired of answering my questions, and he always listened when I wanted to talk. Once on the way to Rafz, where we sometimes went to have a good meal at the inn, I saw for the first time a telegraph wire. I asked Grandfather if the women there were so tall that

they could hang clothes on it. He explained to me that that wire was no clothes-line; that on it a man in Zürich could talk to a man away down in Basel. My childish imagination at once pictured a man in Zürich climbing a pole and shouting his message along the wire to another man on top of a pole in Basel, listening.

Grandfather was a great friend of animals, and he was such a lover of birds that he was known as "der vögeli," which means the bird-man. Often during our walks along the Rhine he called my attention to a bird that would start up from the ground singing, and keep on singing until he was out of sight. It was the skylark. Among Grandfather's favorite birds were the woodpeckers that visited his orchards. I remember one beautiful green fellow with red head and long bill. And years afterward in America when I became acquainted with our downy and hairy woodpeckers, they reminded me of a bird simi-

lar to them but much larger, that I had known on Grandfather's place. Under the eaves of the house and barns there were always swallow nests. It was considered good luck to have those birds as guests and neighbors. They were welcomed as eagerly as the storks. On a chimney that was never used in the summer-time Grandfather had fastened a wagon-wheel and on this the storks made their nest every spring. This was the only stork nest in Buchenloo. Usually there is but one stork nest in a village. Weiach never had storks, and I suppose it is because no one there put up a wheel nor any foundation for a stork nest.

In the springtime when the storks arrived it was a joyful event in the whole village. The poet Hebel describes it in the Swiss dialect, which was the language spoken in our part of the country. Once when Grandfather and I were on a walk the storks were flying about, and he recited this poem to them:

THE STORKS.—*Page 54.*

The return of the storks in the spring is an event in a Swiss village.

"Willkumm Herr Storch! Bisch au scho do?
Und schmeksch im Weiher d'Frösche scho?
Und meinsch de Winter hei si Sach
Und's bessere Wetter chöm alsgmach?

"Nei, loset wiener wälsche cha:
Versteht mer au a Wörtli dra?
Drum chunt er über Strom und Meer
Us witte frönde Ländere her.

"S'isch gnueg, Herr Storch, mer wüsse's scho,
Und was du seisch mer glaubet's jo:
Es freut di au dass's Dorf no stoht
Und alles gsund isch, danki Gott!"

Liberally translated and somewhat abbreviated this would be:

Welcome, Mr. Stork, you here again? And do you already smell the frogs in the pond? And do you think the winter's gone and good weather coming? Listen how he chatters. Can any one understand a word of it? Enough said, Mr. Stork, we know it all and we believe all you say; you are glad to find the village still here and everybody well, thank God.

I think I never saw trees so loaded

with fruit as at Grandfather's. There were plums, prunelles, cherries, apples, pears, etc. I remember seeing him stoop to evade the branches even after they had been propped with strong poles. A portion was always left in the tree-tops for his "partners," as he called the birds.

There were also acres upon acres of vineyards, every vine carefully tied to a strong post. Always in early spring my aunts went to the vineyard every pleasant day with moistened straws, carrying them in the apron, which was fastened to the apron band at the waist, making a big pocket. With these straws they tied the new shoots, and this seemed to be strictly women's work. I never saw men do it. I suppose those tender shoots required gentle handling. When I used to go along with my aunts I carried their lunch in a "krätze," which is a basket with straps so it can be carried on the back. These krätzes were made all sizes, like the geltes, to fit young and old.

In Weiach the women and girls filled their leisure moments with knitting and crocheting. In the Rafzerfeld they did straw braiding, always using four strands and over. I never saw my aunts do it, because they always had so much else to do for the big family. But sometimes ladies came to visit them, carrying bundles of straw in their aprons. In a tube-like little pail, which they had tied to the apron band, they had water in which they dipped the straws before they braided them. Children learned there to braid straw as early as we children learned to knit. It was marvelous how rapidly their fingers moved, twisting the straws in and out, every little while taking a fresh one; and how fast the finished golden braid lengthened into yards.—I ought to say "ells," for that was the unit of measuring dry-goods before the metric system was adopted. Some of those braids were at once made into hats, over a wooden form. But many bolts of the braided straw

found their way to other countries. Here they are known as the "rough and ready."

When the time came for me to go home again, Grandfather and the uncles always showered me with coins—francs and half-francs. In my day a franc was worth about twenty cents in American money. All my money went religiously into the bank, and I do not remember withdrawing any of my savings until the time came when we left for America.

In order to get me home again my father usually came to Eglisau, where Grandfather or one of the uncles would take me to meet him. Then we didn't cross the Rhine in a rowboat, but on a bridge. The distance was a little greater, two hours as they measured it in those days. It would be about six miles according to our reckoning, and I walked that distance as far as I could, then for spells Father would carry me on his back. Since the adoption of the metric system in Switzerland it is called about nine and

a half kilometers. A kilometer is five-eighths of a mile. Now the Swiss Federal Railroad passes close by Buchenloo and crosses the Rhine at Eglisau.

By the way, the Swiss Federal Railroad has a branch office at 241 Fifth Avenue, New York City, where prospective tourists in Switzerland can get valuable information concerning the country and its people.

CHAPTER V

AMERICA AND SWITZERLAND

America is so vast and Switzerland so small (only about half as large as Ohio) that if the two countries could be placed side by side on a map, one would be a giant and the other a pigmy.

But Switzerland is said to be the most "written-up" country in the world. The first Baedeker guide-book was on Switzerland. Any one desiring to know more of the interesting history, folk-lore, legends, literature, etc., anything whatever about this small country, needs only to inquire at some up-to-date library. In the general index of the Philadelphia Free Library recently I counted over eighty, and in the Cleveland Public Library over seventy cards on Switzerland; and there were many more cards in special catalogues.

Switzerland has been called the playground of Europe. It may be that to tourists. To the Swiss themselves it is a humming, buzzing workshop. But they are so endowed with love for work and enjoyment of it that historians call it a national trait. Personally I cannot conceive of a state of happiness with work eliminated. I have always found my highest enjoyment in some sort of work, or the results of work. No true Swiss will ever be a slave, if to be that means to work unwillingly, joylessly.

Switzerland attracts the world because of its romantic setting, its natural wonders, and its antiquity, all concentrated within a paltry 16,000 square miles. Our United States is even more richly endowed with natural wonders and imposing scenery. Has any other country in the world such national parks, canyons, chains of lakes, vast plains, as our dear America? The slogan "America First" is one of the good things that came to us

out of the World War. Lake Mohonk in New York State is Switzerland in miniature. Even the little lake there on Skytop simulates lakes on Swiss mountains which, as legend has it, are fed by the tears of the wandering Jew as he is said to visit those solitudes.

But as a rule our American show places are on such a gigantic scale that one has to travel great distances to see them, while the Swiss wonderworld is like a crammed toy-shop. Good roads, modern modes of travel, excellent hostelries, and cheerful people add greatly to the enjoyment of tourists and entice them to come again and again.

More than five hundred years ago Switzerland began to be a republic. There are only two older republics in the world: San Marino in Italy and Andorra in the Pyrenees. To be exact, however, Switzerland has 15,990 square miles; but more than a third of this area consists of mountains, rivers, lakes and glaciers. A

glacier is a river of ice which moves so slowly that the movement is imperceptible. In my school days we called the population of Switzerland 3,000,000; now it is nearly 4,000,000. After the close of the World War there was rumor that the Tyrol, a very picturesque Austrian province, wished to be annexed; but Switzerland is a good deal like the United States in that it has ambition only to become better, not larger.

The republic began with eight states, called Cantons; now there are twenty-two. There is a beautiful poem about this by Adalbert von Chamisso in which he likens the twenty-two Cantons to so many brothers sitting in a great arched hall and singing joyous songs which echo and reëcho throughout the domain.

Probably no other country in the world the size of Switzerland has four languages used within its boundaries. The Swiss dialect is only a sort of folk language. Other languages used are the

French, Italian, and Romansch. German is used only in literature. In my days the German script was used in writing; but that has been discarded and the Latin script is used exclusively.

The Swiss are great linguists and many foreign words have crept into their everyday speech. For instance my small handkerchiefs were called "Fazenateli," my dress was a "Jüppe." These words are from the Italian "fazoletto" and "giuppe." As to French, the name "Jacques" is French for Jacob, "Henri" for Henry, "Jean" for John. When I was expected to do anything very quickly I was told to "allay tootswit," an apartment was called a "loshee," Father's shop was a "booteek." To be correct, these terms are "allez tout de suite," "logis," and "boutique," respectively.

Such a babel of languages might be expected in a country so small, and yet inhabited by divers people. Before the Christian era the territory now known

as Switzerland was overrun in turn by wandering tribes, one of which was the Gallic tribe known as Helvetii. In his Commentaries on the Gallic wars Cæsar says of the Helvetii that they were "braver than the other Gauls." Of each of these tribes, doubtless, a remnant was left behind as they marched on, and these remnants helped to make up the present complex population, which has now lived in beautiful harmony for nearly a century.

My home village of Weiach was in the Canton Zürich, one of the original eight. The history of Zürich is so ancient and so voluminous that it sums up in a way the history of all Switzerland. It is in the city and canton of Zürich that my story is largely centered.

The city of Zürich is the metropolis of Switzerland. In Baedeker's "Switzerland" ten pages are devoted to Zürich, and only eight and a half to Berne, the capital of the Republic. The city of Zü-

rich has 200,000 inhabitants and boasts of three hundred and twenty-eight beautiful public fountains—one to about every sixty inhabitants. These fountains are fed by springs and never go dry.

Zürich is a city of churches, some of which were built before the Middle Ages and are still regularly used as places of worship. Other of these ancient edifices have been used as libraries and museums. But Zürich has now a modern library and an art museum in which all these treasures of art and literature have been gathered.

Zürich is a delightful place for tourists of the studious sort. These will find much to interest them in the modern national museum where the whole history of Switzerland and especially of Zürich, from earliest, even prehistoric, times, is an open book. Baedeker enumerates the many points of interest in this ancient city of which the so-called old-town is most primitive. The new-town tries hard to be modern, and is doing away with some old

landmarks which it would do well to conserve. Of special interest to educators must be the Pestalozzianum. There, during a visit to Zürich, I met one morning an American school teacher attracted by the rare Pestalozziana found in that museum. Then while passing the Rüden on my way homeward I observed a Japanese gentleman, note-book and pencil in hand, taking notes in front of Pestalozzi's birthplace.

Zürich also attracts tourists who desire to do some but not the most austere mountain-climbing, the neighboring Uetliberg being comparatively easy to ascend. There is also a railroad for those who prefer the easiest way. Excellent hotels and a charming view of the Alps are to be enjoyed at the top. There are times when Zürich is enveloped in mist, while on the Uetliberg plateau it is perfectly clear. On such days the tourist may see displayed in the city streets placards which, if he does not understand

the language, may shock him. "Uetliberg hell" is one such placard, and it simply means that up on the Uetliberg plateau it is light or clear. Another instance where I have heard the word used was during one of my visits to a restaurant where I ordered a cup of coffee. The waitress came with a pot of coffee in one hand and a pitcher of steaming milk in the other. "Hell?" she said, giving me a questioning glance. She was merely inquiring as to whether I wanted my coffee light, that is, with milk; or whether I wanted it black.

The Swiss people express their love of country and of kindred largely through song. Even a village as small as Weiach with only a few hundred inhabitants had its female chorus, and its male chorus. One of the pleasantest memories of my home life as a child is the Sunday street singing. During Sunday afternoon the village maidens dressed in their picturesque costumes would form in a row that

blocked the public highway from side to side, and promenade back and forth through the village. Sometimes they sang in the daytime, but always soon after dark there would be the loveliest singing. Pretty soon the male chorus would be heard, and later it was a mixed chorus that continued far into the evening.

When that singing ceased, the refrain was taken up by a lone troubador, the night watchman. At ten o'clock he started his rounds, armed with a long cane and sang out in Swiss:

"Loset was i eu will sage!
Die Glock het Zehni gschlage.
Jetzt betet und jetzt gönd is Bett,
Und wer a ruehig Gwisse het
Schlaf sanft und wohl! Im Himmel wacht
A heiter Aug die ganzi Nacht."

The eleven o'clock chant warned any who still prolonged merriment or worked over time, to desist:

"Loset was i eu will sage
Die Glock het Elfi gschlage
Und were no a der Arbet schwitzt
Und were no bi de Charte sitzt
Dem biet i jetzt zum letzte Mal
S'isch hochi Zit—und schlafet wohl."

And so the warning became more urgent every hour until three o'clock, the night watchman's last call. Freely interpreted these chanted warnings would be:

1. Listen to what I tell you: the clock has struck ten. Now pray and go to bed, and whoever has a good conscience will sleep well. In heaven an eye watches throughout the night.
2. Listen to what I tell you: the clock has struck eleven. Now whoever is still sweating at his work, or whoever yet may be playing cards, I tell you now for the last time—it's high time, good-night.

Now should the names which I shall mention as I proceed be looked up in some encyclopedia, much worth-while information will be gained, and there will be surprises and thrills. Switzerland has

had some world-famous personages; only a few can be mentioned here:

Jean Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, in 1899 was awarded the Nobel prize for philanthropy. Angelica Kauffmann and Mary Moser, artists, were the first women to become members of the Royal Academy, a very high honor. Miss Kauffmann is included in some histories of German artists; but that is an error. She was born in the City of Chur in Switzerland, of Swiss parents. Other well-known artists are Arnold Böcklin and Ferdinand Hodler. Böcklin's paintings are to be seen in the Boston Public Library. The scientists Louis Agassiz and Arnold Guyot were well known in this country, the former as lecturer, explorer, and professor in Harvard, the latter as professor in Princeton and author of a geography used in our public schools. Dr. Caspar Keller, an ancestor of Miss Helen Keller, formulated the system of oral speech for the deaf which is now in

use everywhere. Writers also known on this side of the Atlantic are Rousseau, Amiel, Dändliker, Spitteler, Johanna Spyri, and others. Carl Spitteler in 1920 was awarded the Nobel prize for literature. The *Literary Digest* for February 26, 1921, has a flattering article about him, and says that he combines great talent with fine character. Johanna Spyri is author of the well-known juvenile "Heidi," which has been translated into many languages, including English. The names Bodmer, Breitinger, Pestalozzi, Tschudi and Krüsi, loom big as those of educators. Herman Krüsi, Jr., a son of the original Krüsi who was a pupil of Pestalozzi and co-worker with him, was for twenty-five years principal of the Oswego, N. Y., Normal School. Zwingli and Lavater are well known as divines, Tell and Winkelried as heroes and patriots, Necker and Gallatin as diplomats and financiers. Albert Gallatin, who became an American citizen during our

revolutionary period, was friend and co-worker with Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and other early American patriots. He was Secretary of the Treasury from 1801 to 1813, and was the chief negotiator of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended our wars with England. In youth as an immigrant in this country, he knew hardships and privations, but the experience apparently did not daunt him. One of his biographers credits him with saying that who has not ability to endure adverse circumstances, and to turn them to good account, has not the elements of success in him. Mrs. Grace Gallatin Seton, wife of the naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, is a descendant of Mr. Albert Gallatin. There are Gallatins of this family also in New York.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Switzerland was torn with internal religious warfare. The Catholics of several cantons, feeling themselves aggrieved, formed a separate league similar

to the Southern Confederacy in this country, and moved to secede. But finally the warring factions were reunited, and General Dufour, who effected the reunion, is known as the Swiss "General Grant."

Switzerland has great universities: Geneva, Basel, Berne, Freiburg, Zürich. Some of these were among the first in the world to admit women, and student life is one of the noteworthy features of these cities.

The elementary school system, which in my days left much to be desired, is now acknowledged to be among the best in the world. In fact one historian calls the Swiss "education-crazy." According to the census of 1911, illiteracy in Switzerland is only 0.3 per cent., and this is above standing army age. School attendance is strictly compulsory, and this law is rigidly enforced.

My native country is and ever will be dear to me; but equally dear is America,

now my home-land by adoption. In any period of stress such as there was during the World War I would be loyal to the country to which I pledged my allegiance when I became a naturalized citizen of the United States of America. Even were I not a citizen, but earning my living here, I would feel that I owed loyalty and service to the country under whose protection I have my living on equal terms with any native-born citizen.

While on this subject, however, permit me to say that I am several times an American citizen. In the first place my father was naturalized before I was of legal age. Then I married an American. When the school suffrage was granted to Ohio women I had myself naturalized, not knowing that already I was twice a citizen. Furthermore, the first time I visited Switzerland I became homesick for America, although my son, my only natural tie to America, accompanied me. We were both homesick. One day, weary

from travel and sightseeing, we saw a wagon-load of White sewing-machines and one of Cleveland bicycles, and oh, how the sight of those things American braced our languishing spirits!

CHAPTER VI

A BABY BROTHER

When I was about five years old a baby brother came into our family. All my playmates had sisters, and I thought it was just lovely to have some one you could call sister; so I was much disappointed when told that I had a brother. What made it worse, he was baptized Jacques, a name I never did like, and my little bed had to be moved up to Greta's room in order to make place for baby's cradle.

It was a time-honored custom in our village to rock a baby during its every waking moment. They also gave to babies a food known here as pap. It is made of finest ground rice and wheat meal, boiled, and seasoned with sugar

and cream. A Swiss child is as eager to scrape out a pap pan as an American child is to scrape out a bowl in which cake has been mixed.

After my brother came, to rock the cradle was my steady job. As a reward I was permitted to scrape out the daily pap pan.

For a long time I never saw my brother's hands nor feet. They were held in with bandages in which he was laced from chin to toes, like an Indian papoose. When Mother wished to take him up she put one finger under his chin and raised him a little, then put the other hand under his back and lifted him. I used to wonder whether they had ever tied me up like that.

At first our baby slept nearly all the time. As he grew older he lay awake longer, and if he cried I had to rock his cradle. About this time Aunt Verena taught me a little verse in the Swiss language:

"De Vatter het gseid i sell's Chindli go wiege,
Er well mer drü Eier im Anke go süde;
Do süt er mer drü und isset mer zwei,
Welle Guggich wet wiege um en einziges Ei?"

That is to say: "Father told me to rock the baby, that he would cook me three eggs in butter; that he cooked three, and ate two himself, which Cuckoo would rock baby for just one egg?"

But for all my rockings I never got even the one egg. One day I was called in from play, just when it was most exciting, and as I unwillingly rocked that cradle I got to thinking of all the other babies in the village,—and of all those pap pans. There were babies in the homes of several of my aunts, of the Frau Pfarrer, Nenna the silk-weaver, Barbara the seamstress, and of the scrub-woman, yes, and the family that used to live up-stairs in the poorhouse had twins. Probably all of those pap pans would be mine for the mere asking.

As soon as baby brother was asleep

again I started out to see my old-time friends. All were glad to see me, because I hadn't been there in some time. I started with the Frau Pfarrer and asked her to please not put the pap pan to soak the next time she made pap, but to let it stand until I would come around and scrape it out.

Yes, she certainly would keep it for me.

Of course, I promised to rock the cradle for a while, should the baby be awake. I made the same request of my aunts, and all my other friends except the poorhouse family—they had children of their own. And they all promised to do as I asked them to.

The next day I went on my first round. Almost everywhere the baby happened to be asleep when I called, so I didn't have to rock the cradle. I could skip quickly from one place to the next, and I just reveled in the delicious sticky substance that was left in those pap pans. My old-

time visiting habit was being revived. Again Father had to go hunting for me at meal-times. But this time there did not happen to be among my friends a young lady with whom he liked to have a visit, and he was not as pleasant about it as he had been at other times. I was punished by being sent supperless to bed; but Father usually relented and brought some bread and milk to my room.

After my brother was old enough to walk, Mother went to attend the wedding of a cousin. It was one of those weddings where the festivities are kept up for several days. Greta was left in charge of us children, and baby brother cried a great deal. I had to amuse him, rock him, and wheel him around until I got heartily tired of it. Finally I played truant and went on one of my old rounds of visits.

When I returned, Greta was very angry with me. She said if I wouldn't be good and help take care of my baby brother I couldn't live at home any

longer. Greta had been with us so long that she was like one of the family, and her word was law. In my innocent child-like way I believed every word she said, in fact everything that any one said. Children do, and oh, what agonies they often suffer as the result of some threat that was never meant to be carried out!

I had seen ragged children begging from door to door. In those days street begging was still tolerated in Switzerland. Now, as I have heard, it is forbidden by law. I thought that now I, too, would be a beggar child, unless some friend or aunt would take me in. I waited around a while hoping Greta would change her mind, or that Mother would come home. It was already late in the afternoon; I wondered where I would sleep that night. Finally, all hope abandoned, I went to my room; I remember with what a heavy heart.

In one of my pinafores I gathered a few things and went slowly down the

stairs, and out of the house. Outside of the door I hesitated again, still hoping that Greta would change her mind and forgive me. I can now see myself with that little bundle of belongings, stopping there to turn over in my mind where I would go. Should it be to Aunt Elizabeth at the post-office or Aunt Elizabeth at the bakery? Or should it be Nenna the silk-weaver or the Frau Pfarrer? I couldn't think of going to Barbara's because that thatched straw roof made her house so gloomy. The scrub-woman was poor, I didn't consider her at all; nor the poorhouse people. Strange to say, I couldn't make up my mind to go to any of the aunts or friends I had been so much in the habit of visiting. It must be I had become satiated with pap and tired of babies. I finally resolved to go to Aunt Verena's, where there were only grown-ups and where there were the silk looms in that prettily papered room. I started to go, but presently the door opened and

Greta called me back. She would forgive me, she said.

Up to that time I had cherished a childish love for Greta, but somehow after that I never felt quite the same toward her. I believe that mentally I aged some years during that period of suspense, distraction, and terror.

One day about that time Marie Pilger came to get me to attend the fair in Kaiserstuhl. But on the next day I was taken with a strange crying spell, and Marie had to bring me home. When Mother saw me she took me in her arms and said, "The child is homesick." Immediately the crying spell was over. That was my first experience of homesickness.

As I have scanned memory in trying to recall events of those early days it has seemed strange to me that I do not remember more about animal pets, such as cats and dogs. I recall that at times we had white rabbits in the stable, and they

made me cringe with fear for they were always near the horses' feet. We had a little black dog "Fido" of which brother and I were very fond. Sometimes when Greta tried to scare us into being good she would say, "I'll give Fido to Felix." "Felix" was a character in our village who went about with a burlap bag tossed over his shoulder, and who was said to collect dogs for their skins. Whenever brother or I saw him, we hid our pet for the rest of the day. One day our Fido disappeared, and after that we always looked with suspicion on Felix.

As time went on and my brother became more like a playfellow, I loved to take him out for walks, and I came to regard him with a true sisterly love. The older he grew, the more we enjoyed each other.

CHAPTER VII

PESTALOZZI AND SCHOOL-DAYS

Late in the eighteenth century and early in the nineteenth Switzerland had one of the famous educators of all time in the person of Father Pestalozzi, as his countrymen fondly call him.

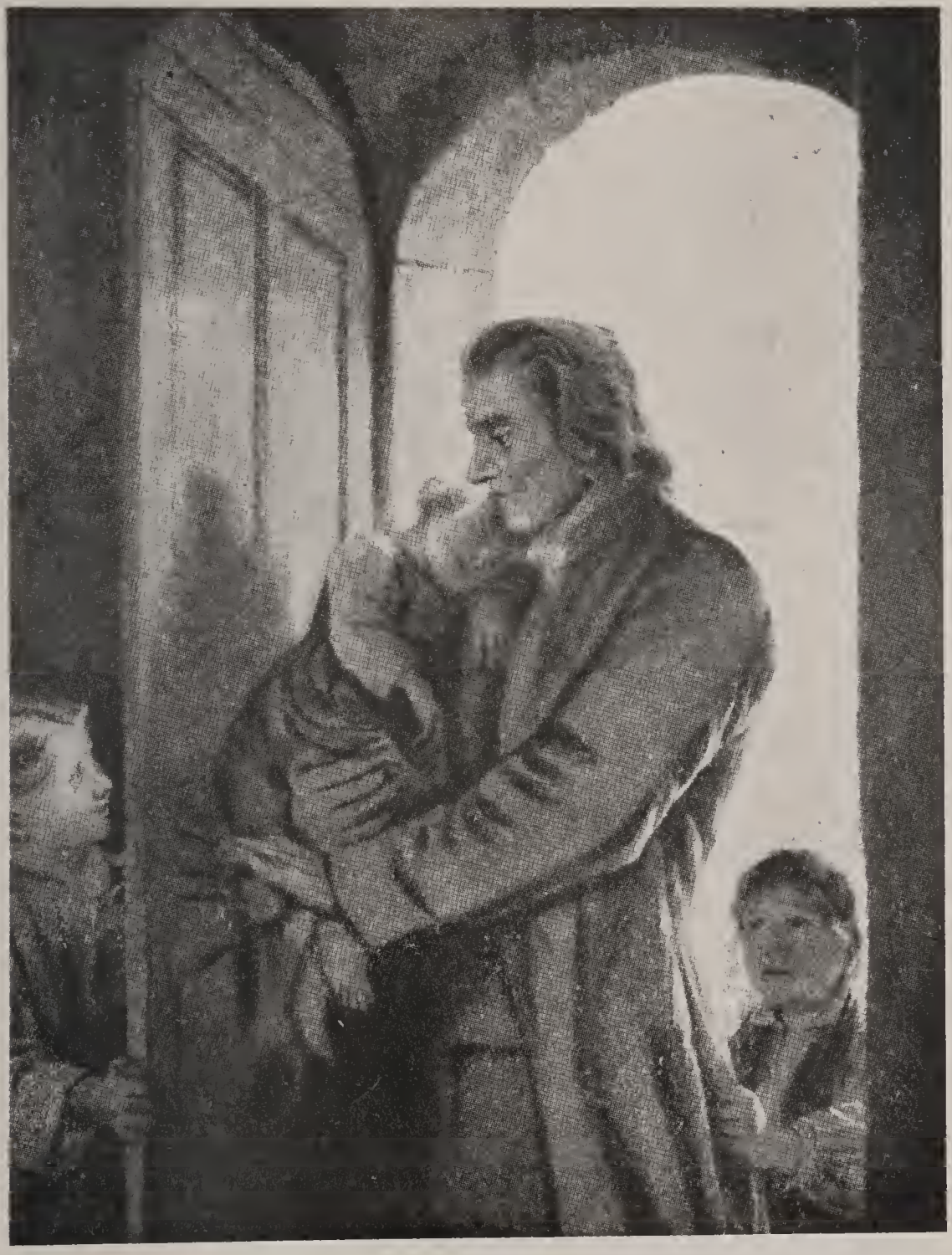
Pestalozzi was not a man of means, only of genius. In his days education was for the few favored ones. He announced the great democratic principle that education was for the masses, and that not only was it their God-given right, but that it should be forced upon them. Instead of merely teaching the three R's: reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, he said we must cultivate the three H's: head, heart, and hand, and it was he who first introduced manual training into

schools. He was ahead of his time; school boards looked askance at him. To demonstrate his principles he had to found a school of his own, which he did in the Canton Aargau, in the village of Birr, on a farm known as Neuhof.

In the undertaking at Neuhof he was assisted by a few men, and, I am happy to say, at least one woman. They deserve mention: Madame Francesca Romana of Halwyl and Messrs. Zschokke of Aargau, Fellenberg, Graffenried and Tscharner of Berne, Hirzel, Füssli and Lavater of Zürich, Blatter, Sarasin and Iselin of Basel. Descendants of some of these men live to-day. One Sarasin and one Zschokke are officers of the Swiss National League for Nature Protection. There is a Zschokke to-day in the United States Forest service. Iselin is the name of a prominent present-day New York family. A daughter of the New York Iselins lately married a foreign nobleman; but nothing can ever shed greater

lustre upon that honored name than the fact recorded by Pestalozzi himself that when, impatient with the slowness of results from his labors, others withdrew their support, Iselin still continued to encourage and befriend him. It was also Iselin who made possible the publication of Pestalozzi's "Leonard and Gertrude," a novel of Swiss folk-life which still today ranks as an educational classic and has been translated into many languages.

After that first venture in Neuhof, Pestalozzi established his Institute in Yverdon, in the French-speaking part of Switzerland. Here Froebel came to learn of Pestalozzi, and after two years went away and founded the Kindergarten. The presence and influence of Pestalozzi and of his world-famous Institute gave to that part of Switzerland a great impetus to education. Lausanne and Geneva on beautiful Lake Leman are reputed to have the best elementary as well as the most up-to-date finishing



PESTALOZZI, FRIEND OF CHILDREN AND FATHER OF ORPHANS.
Page 89.

From painting by Albert Anker, in the Art Museum, Zürich.

schools in the world. Many American and English children are sent there. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Grover Cleveland selected Lausanne as the place best fitted to educate her children.

In every schoolroom in Switzerland there is a picture of Father Pestalozzi. To his memory there are two famous statues, one in Yverdon, and one in Zürich, which is his birthplace. In the art museum of Zürich there is a recent painting of Pestalozzi by Anker. All these represent him as distinctively the friend of children; but the painting pictures him particularly as father of orphans, which he was during a time when Napoleon's wars caused many Swiss children to become orphaned. Many biographies have been written of Pestalozzi, several by former pupils. The most complete is that by Roger de Quimps, and this has been translated into English.

With all his innate tenderness Pestalozzi was an apostle of the strenuous life.

School life in Switzerland, at least in my days, was not the easygoing thing that it is in America. In summer time our school was in session from seven to twelve and from one to four, with a ten-minutes' recess in each session. During summer we had only a three-weeks' vacation, and a few days each at Christmas and Easter time.

A child entered school at the age of six, and woe unto him if he could not keep up with his class. There was no provision made and no consideration shown in those days for the mentally weak or retarded, or the defective child. Any who did not move along with the procession went to the bottom of the class and stayed there. Of course, this was the rule pretty generally until recent years. It took Pestalozzi's humane ideas a century to attain the desired results.

I began to attend the primary school at the age of six. My first school dress was a blue homespun print trimmed with ser-

pentine braid. In our village it was considered disrespectful to the Sabbath to wear on that day a dress that was intended for week-days; but I was so proud of my school dress that I wore it that one Sunday before school.

Teachers were supplied by some district or cantonal board, the same as ministers. In a Swiss village in those days, next to the Herr Pfarrer, the schoolmaster was the august personage. My father had been one of a group of men in Weiach who had become dissatisfied with the teacher. This made it unpleasant for me from the start. He underrated my work wherever he could, and did many things, the injustice of which I realized when I became old enough to judge of such things. For instance, he gave me all the way from six to a dozen "taps" on the bare hand with his broad ruler almost daily, just because my handwriting did not suit him. Yet I know that I always loved to write, and so naturally

would do my very best in that branch. But there was no attempt to recognize effort; only results were considered.

Once the teacher discovered that I was sitting on some books. I was short of stature and the desk was high, and I tried to raise myself to a more comfortable position. One was a broad flat book, something like the ordinary geography. He took that book and hit me across the head and the back with it several times.

In springtime we girls used to make our own balls to play with, in the way I have already described. One year I had such a pretty ball, I just loved to look at it. Once the teacher caught me doing so. He took the ball away from me and kept it a long time, just when I most wanted to play with it.

One might wonder why I did not complain to my parents of such treatment. The fact is that in my young days I was so imbued with the infallibility and the superiority of a schoolmaster, it never oc-

curred to me to make complaints at home about harsh treatment in school.

For three years I submitted to this treatment in all meekness; then I was promoted to the grammar school.

CHAPTER VIII

MORE SCHOOL-DAYS

It was during the years 1862 to 1865, while the Civil War raged in this country, that I attended the grammar school. I remember well how, whenever the term "United States" occurred in our history or geography, the teacher would say "United (but now disunited) States."

During this time the main topic of conversation between my father and his friends was the great civil war in America. "If only this war were over," was a phrase I heard over and over again. Every Saturday the newspaper was delivered to us by a woman. I remember the enormous black headlines telling of President Lincoln's assassination, and how the grief over that tragedy clouded the rejoicings over the close of the war. I had no idea then I would ever see

America, much less that I would become a citizen of this great and good country.

The teacher had a beautiful garden in the school grounds, and he taught us a great deal about flowers. I remember wonderful varieties of snapdragons, larkspur, marigolds, and all sorts of roses and pinks. He used to give little packages of seeds to the "deserving ones." I never got any. Although this teacher did not find any fault with my work, he counted it a great misdemeanor that now and then I liked to pass a remark to the girl beside me. I excelled in composition, in anything that related to language or ability of expression. I was often told in those days that I ought to become an actress. But I was poor in arithmetic, and oh, how I hated it! There were days when my brain just simply refused to work during the arithmetic period.

Now to explain what I concluded to be the reason for this, I shall have to relate some family history of which in these

days of enlightenment on the subject I am not very proud. It was the custom in those days for every householder to distill his own whiskies and brandies. There such spirits were commonly called schnapps. Once in a while my brother and I were sent to bed earlier than usual, for instance when we were being punished for something or other. Then, we would be up earlier than usual in the morning, and at such times we generally found Father and Mother enjoying a glass of schnapps together. If they were then in a forgiving mood, they would pour a little schnapps on slices of bread and give to each of us what we called a "schnappsbrödli."

Gradually I perceived that the days when my brain wouldn't work at the arithmetic period were always those on which I had had a schnappsbrödli in the morning.

I do not recall much of interest concerning our studies in the grammar school

during the three years I was in it. I know that years afterward I regretted that we were not encouraged more to make acquaintance with Nature in her more intimate aspects. Switzerland has wonderful wild flowers, yet the only flowers, except the snowdrop, that I learned anything about were the cultivated ones. Of birds I remember learning a poem about an "amsel," which is a black thrush. This amsel was described as having a bill yellow as gold and plumage black as coal, and living near a spring. I remember one other poem about a man who went mowing his meadow. He came upon a bird's nest, mowed all around it, and left the nest and its occupants undisturbed. This poem and the one about the amsel made such a lasting impression on me, that I feel sure if there had been more of such teaching I should remember it. During the winter of 1910-11 which I spent in Zürich, an amsel pair (he was black and she brown with speckled front)

came for food daily to my window-sill. It seemed to me then that a bird so confiding ought in our school days to have become a personal, and not merely a book acquaintance. During that winter I was astonished to see how many species of birds, beside the woodpeckers, wintered in the northern part of Switzerland. No one there collects bird's eggs. The pernicious habit seems never to have had a beginning.

During that visit to Switzerland I also made frequent excursions with one of Zürich's progressive teachers, Miss Emilie Schäppi, and her school. I learned then to my great joy that natural history was being taught in the open. Miss Schäppi made a specialty of taking her forty children out walking at all seasons, to the various environs of the city as well as to points of interest within the city. In pleasant weather those seven-year-olds thought nothing of climbing the Uetliberg, a steady ascent of a mile or

more. In cold weather short excursions were made.

The accompanying picture shows these children on a ledge of the Uetliberg. Here a child could get such an idea of the beauties of his native city and immediate surroundings as made it easy afterward to implant lessons in patriotism. This outing recalled my school days and the fact that, although the village of Weiach has a most idyllic setting between two rambling mountains—the Höbrig on one side, the Schanzenberg on the other, with the Rhine flowing near by, yet never were we taken as a school up any of those slopes. A view from such an eminence might at least have given us some fresh material for conversation and for compositions. But we just had to learn everything laboriously from books, even about things that were to be seen at our very door. Our school readers had accounts about the beautiful Aletsch and Rhone glaciers, the wild

Gemmi and Grimsel passes, the picturesque valleys of the Reuss and the Rhone, the charms of the quaint Engadine, the lordly peaks of Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn. But all this was so far removed from us that it seemed like fairy tales. A walk up our Höbrig or the Schanzenberg would have been far more inspiring than all that reading.

Years afterward when my brother was attending school I noticed that his first reader contained descriptions of such near towns and villages as Kaiserstuhl, Rhinefelden, Eglisau, Stadel, Glattfelden, etc., and from there on in an ever-widening radius. So I think they were already beginning to improve matters at that time.

But I must finish telling about the excursion with those Züricher children to the Uetliberg. In the roadway they found a dead amsel, all roughed and tousled. Teacher tenderly smoothed its feathers and stroked its back. Then she

THE OBSCURE VILLAGE OF WEIACH.—*Page 99.*
Weiach has a most idyllic setting between two rambling mountains, and the historic Rhine flowing near by.

TEACHER HELD THE AMSEL UP, SO THAT THE CHILDREN MIGHT SEE IT.—*Page 101.*
In former days a school on a hike was a novelty; now it is a common sight.

held the little bird up so all the children could see it.

"What do you think made this amsel die?" she asked them.

Some guessed cold, some hunger or thirst, some thought it had been hurt. After every child had been encouraged to give an opinion, teacher showed that the bird had a good covering of feathers and soft warm down underneath. No, it was not cold that made the bird die. And there was no wound on its body, so it did not die from any injury. But its body was flabby and thin. Perhaps after the deep snow fell the bird did not find enough to eat to keep its body strong and well so it would be warm. If everybody had put out food for the birds, then when the snow came this little amsel might have found enough to eat and would not have died.

Always on the day following an excursion, the school had a talk period about it. This time the interest centered about the

dead amsel, and every child was eager to say something. They had had time to think it over and some had talked about it with the folks at home. Many said that the birds would now find something to eat on their window-sills. Some had hung up little crocheted bags with grain and nut-meats in them, and some had put out a drink, too, for the birds.

The memory of that excursion, of the interest it awakened in things outdoors, the talk about it and the exercise in language and in expression that it furnished, recalled how little opportunity we were given in our school days for self-expression. We just had facts and dates crammed into us that we were expected to memorize, and to have them ready to reel off when demand arose. The real significance of the facts was barely touched upon.

Then once a year we had what was called "Examen"—examination. This day was always preceded by weeks of

terror when the teacher would quizz us in history, geography, and kindred branches. When he was disappointed in our answers he raved like a madman until he had us nearly paralyzed with fear. Then came Examen day, and we went to school dressed in our Sunday clothes, but with fear and trembling in our hearts. This session was attended by ministers, teachers and public-spirited citizens from surrounding towns and villages, and always by our inspector. When this person happened to be Mr. Reichling, who afterward became one of my teachers, we were pleased; for he always wore a smile. Most of the others were austere-looking men. No woman ever attended this session. Indeed in my days I never saw a woman inside of a schoolroom except in a sewing-school.

After the Examen was over there was a feast which very much relieved the tension. It will be described in another chapter.

CHAPTER IX

SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

In my time home-made wine was the common beverage at meals and between. It was, of course, before the days of the temperance crusade and the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, before the advent of the prohibition movement, before Father Matthews' total abstinence society, Francis Murphy, John B. Gough, Mother Thompson, Frances Willard and all the great prophets and prophetesses who helped to spread world-wide the gospel of temperance. I am happy to say that the W. C. T. U. has a strong organization in Switzerland. The temperance cause has made such progress there that a large percentage of the grapes grown on those

fertile slopes is now made into the harmless beverage known as grape juice.

During my days in the grammar school we finally got a new teacher. His coming was the occasion of a gala day for the entire village, but for the school children in particular. In the first place it was a school holiday. All school children were told to report at the schoolhouse on that day at one o'clock; and we went dressed in our very best. The members of the school board were there, too. My godfather was one, so was Cousin Setti's father, and so was my uncle, the postmaster. We formed a procession. I recall now how Miss Schäppi's children formed their procession: always two big children took a smaller one between them. How protective! But this procession of ours was of the old-fashioned kind: the little ones in front and the larger ones following according to size. It took quite a while to form the procession, and we were so full of expectancy it was hard

to wait. But finally everything was ready for us to start. This procession included all the children from both the primary and grammar schools. The teacher was a sort of marshal for the day and preceded us. The board members walked along on either side. It was a perfect day. We walked through the village, and all along were cheered by spectators until we had the last house behind us.

In my days a school on a hike was a novelty. Now it is a common sight. At a crossroad we halted and presently we saw coming toward us on foot two gentlemen. Then we proceeded toward them. When we met there was handshaking first by the teacher with the two strangers, then the board members. Of course, there was the usual bowing and scraping such as happens when Swiss meet Swiss, and there was speech-making on both sides. And we children sang a song.

The return journey was begun, and as

we reached the village some of the children wanted to take the shortest cut home. But we were told all to keep in line until we should reach the schoolhouse. Our hearts sank within us. We had counted on a complete holiday, and here we were told to return to the schoolhouse. The clock on the church steeple pointed to half-past three.

Arrived at the schoolyard we were told every one should go in and take his accustomed seat. Worse and more of it! But imagine our surprise when we found both the lower and the upper schoolrooms decorated with the beautiful Swiss flag—the white cross on red field—and on every desk a great big one of my godfather's "Weggli," a cervelat sausage and a glass of wine. It was, in fact, just such a feast as we had every year on Examen day. The best of it was there was no ban now on talking to your neighbor, and a jolly good time was spent.

Once more during my grammar school

days did we have a similar feast. It was on the occasion of the coming to our village of a new Herr Pfarrer. Our Herr Pfarrer had died. I heard it said that he drank too much new wine that year. We children sang at his funeral, so did also the singing societies of the village, just as they did at my Uncle Hans-Heiri's funeral.

There were red-letter days of a different kind. For instance, if a new house was being built in our village we children knew that when it came to the roofing it would mean a half-holiday for the grammar school.

Now that seems queer, doesn't it?

Well, it happens this way: when the house is ready to be roofed the builder or owner will ask the teacher to let his children help. Of course, he consents. The girls and boys from the grammar school then go to the house in question. Ladders are placed that reach from the ground to the roof. On top of the house

near every ladder is a man. Some of the strongest boys then climb to the top rung of the ladder, others follow, and in a few minutes every ladder has a boy or girl seated on every alternate rung. On the other rungs they rest their feet. Some helpers on the ground now begin to hand tiles, one after another, to the children on the lowest rungs. These take hold firmly with both hands, pass them quickly to the next above and the next to the next above and so on. As the tiles reach the boys on the topmost rungs they hand them to the men who put them in place. Once fairly started the work proceeds so very fast that in a few hours the roof is tiled. But it is bad for the eyes, because dust and other particles fall from the tiles as they are passed overhead.

When the work is finished the children have a treat, and it has to come up to the standard of the spread served by the school board on Examen day, or the builder would never hear the last of it.

While I was still in grammar school my father built a factory, and the size of it made the roofing a great event in Weiach. On that occasion, instead of by ladders the roof was reached by means of a long slanting board walk, called an escalade. On this the children stood as they handed up the tiles, not overhead but sideways. At the finish the treat was bread and cheese and cider.

The immense wheel which operated the factory was propelled by water from our village brook, which had a considerable fall, coming as it did from the Höbrig. It was a wonderment to us children to see that brook deliberately mount about twelve feet in a sort of trough, then drop into a pocket of the wheel, and so keep it turning. Robert, one of our apprentices, made the same kind of wheel in miniature and operated it in the brook. The big wheel attracted the village boys so that they became regular hangers-on about the factory, to the annoyance of the workmen.

One day Robert asked one of the boys to hand him a chain which lay on the floor. The boy seized and suddenly dropped the chain. It had not long before been lying in the fire in the forge, and was still hot. The boy was Jacques. Robert told me afterward that he tried to repay him for the many mean pranks he had played on me.

CHAPTER X

A SCHOOL OUTING

Just once during the six years of my primary school days did we as a school have an outing. This was to the capital of our Canton, the city of Zürich.

We had to walk ten miles, then we boarded a railroad train and rode five miles. Some of the children had soaped their stockings to prevent blistering of feet. Father poured schnapps into our shoes—brother's and mine. If schnapps has to be made, this is a good way to use it.

History tells us that the great Charlemagne once lived in the city of Zürich. His palace is still well preserved and bears a tablet recording the fact of his residence there. We were taken to view

CHARLEMAGNE'S PALACE.—*Page 112.*
One of many historic haunts in the city of Zürich.

CHARLEMAGNE ON THE GROSSMUNSTER IN ZÜRICH.—*Page 114.*
The church of the two towers which Charlemagne sponsored and where Zwingli preached.

the historic landmark. In the transom of the arched mediæval portal which leads to the ground floor, please note the figure of a serpent partly uncoiled into an upright position.

History further has it that Charlemagne was so kind of heart that he wanted to right all the wrongs that were suffered by the people. Even animals sought him out to have their wrongs redressed. One day the door-bell rang and a serpent presented itself. Charlemagne followed it, and it led him to a spot near the lake where a big toad was sitting on the serpent's nest which contained eggs. The Emperor ordered the toad to be removed. On the following day the serpent returned and presented its benefactor with a wonderful jewel. With the proceeds of this jewel the Emperor founded a church on the spot where the serpent's nest had been located. So goes the legend.

Near Charlemagne's former residence

is the Grossmünster, which was built in the eighth century. A statue of the great monarch in a niche on one of the towers is shown in the inset to the accompanying picture. Teacher had often told us about it, and how every day when Charlemagne on the Grossmünster hears the clock strike twelve, he rises, makes a bow, and sits down again.

Shortly before twelve we were taken to the bridge which spans the beautiful Limmat at that place. We were fully expecting—at least I was—to witness the wonderful miracle. The clock began to strike. We counted, solemnly, from one to twelve, looking steadily at the statue. Charlemagne did not rise.

Then we looked inquiringly at the teacher.

"I guess he didn't hear it," was the only explanation he made to us. Of course, we knew then that we had been duped. But we were taken at once to a near-by hotel, where an excellent meal

was served. This put us in a forgiving mood.

After dinner we were taken to the museum of natural history and to the botanical gardens, then to a historical museum where among other things we saw a peculiarly shaped cap said to have been worn by Zwingli, the noted Swiss reformer, and a wooden apple pierced by an arrow, in imitation of the apple which the hero, William Tell, shot off his son's head.

Zwingli was a great humanitarian. His repugnance to the custom then in vogue of Swiss soldiers hiring out as mercenaries, after the manner of the Hessians, deserves to be emphasized here. Although I admire it as a work of art, I have never taken any pride in the famous Lion Memorial in Lucerne, because the eight hundred Swiss soldiers there idealized, and who met their death heroically in the French Revolution, were hired for money to kill men who were not their

enemies. They put themselves lower than assassins, because an assassin usually has a grievance, or at least imagines he has. Zwingli's opposition finally brought about the desired result. Swiss soldiers became unwilling to engage in such service. A noteworthy example is that of the young Genevese, Albert Gallatin. Rather than "serve a tyrant," as he termed it, when urged to join the British army in America as a mercenary, he left his home secretly for America. As already mentioned in a previous chapter, he became a valued public servant of his adopted country. The Pope's Swiss guard at the Vatican is now the last remnant of Swiss mercenaries.

As to William Tell, there are those who question the authenticity of the apple story. But whatever the world in general may believe in the matter, after every attack on their pet tradition the Swiss always hold more firmly than ever to it. Following the last onslaught by Kopp,

who was retained by the Hapsburgs to discredit the Tell-Gessler story, the Swiss had a picture of their hero placed in every schoolroom in the land by the side of that of Pestalozzi. Every year also the story of Swiss freedom and of the part Tell played in it is reënacted in drama in the open valley where the original took place.

Of the antiquated records still in existence, one describes Tell's reception at his home, when he returned with the boy who had been exposed to such a hazard as having an apple shot off his head. It is here recorded that as the lad was returned to his grief-torn mother she flooded the happy father with reproaches; how did he dare to subject his own child to the deadly weapon; what an unfeeling heart he must have; no father and no husband had ever attempted such a thing; that he was unworthy to be called either father or husband; others would have been more clever; and that never would an Attinghausen have done such a thing.

Madame Tell was a daughter of the renowned Attinghausen, one of the earliest Swiss confederates for freedom.

A visit to the lake front, where on a clear day a wonderful view is had of the Swiss Alps, ended our sight-seeing. This happened to be a clear day. Pictures in our geography of the mountain ranges had made us familiar with the principal peaks, so that we were able to single out in the scene before us the Tödi, Glärnisch, and some others.

During our homeward ride on the train we heartily bemoaned the ten miles our tired feet would have to retrace. But upon arriving at the terminal station there were wagons of all descriptions enough to carry us all home. Our village fathers had thought of their tired children and had kindly come to our rescue. That day stands out in my memory as a red-letter day, and the home-going in those hospitable wagons was one of the pleasantest parts of it.

CHAPTER XI

THE DEAR OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

As I think now of those days in the grammar school I recall much for which I have all my life been deeply thankful.

Although in my home we always had a garden, with flowers growing in it, it was in school that I really learned to love flowers.

Even though I was not considered to be one of the "deserving" to get little packages of seeds, the very flowers that the teacher tended most lovingly grew in our garden. I remember that several times he questioned me about this, and showed plainly that he suspected I had gotten those flowers in some dark and crooked way, for instance, by snatching a seed-pod in passing. I solemnly affirm here and now that such a thing never en-

tered my mind. Our garden was only a few hundred feet from the school garden. Afterward when I studied botany and learned of the various ways in which plants are distributed, I came to the conclusion that probably the wind had blown some seeds over into our garden, and that birds had dropped them in passing. Anyway, snapdragons of the choicest variety, and giant larkspurs continued to appear in our garden. I always transplanted them to the central flower-bed which was my special charge. As years passed and I had seeds in abundance, I started an additional flower-bed the whole length of our garden where it flanked the main road.

This was almost opposite the school garden, and after that the teacher became more and more distant to me. I do believe now that he really thought I had started that new flower garden in a spirit of rivalry. There were many instances in which he displayed his ill-will. For in-

stance, once when I again had a very pretty ball and was tempted to look at it during school time, he took it away from me and never returned it. I saw his niece have it afterward.

One thing for which I am and always shall be thankful is the religious instruction I received in our public schools. At that age I did not take in the full spiritual meaning of those lessons. I committed them by rote mechanically. But they evidently filtered into my brain and were stored up for times of need; for in after years many of the texts served to instruct, to encourage, and to strengthen me as occasion required. Of course, in a country like ours, with its mixed population, religious instruction in schools does not seem practicable. But humane instruction would, without any tinge of sectarianism, teach Love, Justice, and Mercy, the fundamental principles of religion.

I recall one spiritual truth which arrested my immediate attention at school.

It was this, that we should pray in secret and that we would then be rewarded openly. We had to commit to memory every week a hymn from our church hymn-book, and those hymns varied in length all the way from four to twelve verses. Once when teacher was giving out a hymn for my class to learn I said to the girl beside me, "Oh, I know that already," and I suppose I acted somewhat jubilant over it.

The teacher had sharp eyes and ears, and it seemed as if they were continually directed toward me.

"All right, Luisa," he called, "you learn No. 213."

No. 213 was the longest hymn in the book, twelve verses. I shall have more to say about that hymn later on.

Hymns were used as means of prayer and meditation. Greta, our pious housemaid, always recited one before retiring. She and I occupied the same room, and after she learned that I knew several

hymns she used to coax me to recite them to her. Once I heard her tell Mother that to listen to me recite a hymn was as good to her as if she made a prayer. That set me to thinking. I had been so strongly impressed with the idea that a prayer must be said in secret, I concluded that reciting hymns for another was not praying for myself. It was not done "in secret" and would not bring the promised "reward." So after that, just before bedtime, I always absented myself from the family circle, and whispered a hymn to myself. This was my evening prayer.

We had what passed as a Sunday School in our church, but it was a very formal service compared with what Sunday Schools are here. Herr Pfarrer, robed in his black gown, talked to us from the chancel away up a flight of stairs. I do not remember one word that he ever said from that lofty eminence. The one remembrance that I have of my connection with our village church is a verse of

Scripture that was printed in huge letters on the church wall:

THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM

I remembered this so vividly on the occasion of my first visit to my home village after an absence of thirty years, that I missed it. There was another verse in its place.

It was in that humble schoolhouse in my little Swiss village that I imbibed those elementary principles of religion which have been my faithful anchor in the storms of a very changeful life. Nothing more fitly describes my feeling for that little schoolhouse than the old trite, "With all thy faults I love thee still."

CHAPTER XII

OUR NEW FRAU PFARRER

Soon after the death of our Herr Pfarrer, my friend, the Frau Pfarrer, returned with her children to her people in the city. The loss of her friendship and of Mari Widmer's visits were two of the great sorrows that came into my young life.

Now for a while there was no Frau Pfarrer. Our new Herr Pfarrer had brought his sister, who was his housekeeper.

One Sunday it was given out in Sunday School that all the children were invited to be at the Pfarrhaus on a certain evening. We appeared, in our Sunday clothes, of course. It had rained a little, and what scraping of shoes there was on that iron rack, and wiping on that rope

mat, before the door flew open! There must have been nearly a hundred of us. We were all seated on long benches in the up-stairs vestibule, one of those rooms that always had the immaculate white floor. At first only the Ma'mselle, as we called the housekeeper, was there to receive us. After a while Herr Pfarrer entered with a lovely lady on his arm. They bowed to us, and we all arose. We had been coached to do so by our teachers. It all went like clockwork. Then Herr Pfarrer and the lady took their place beside a table that had stacks of little packages on it, and he told us that this lady was now our new Frau Pfarrer. The Ma'mselle began with the nearest child and conducted each of us to the table, where we were permitted to shake hands with our new Frau Pfarrer and to receive from her a little package.

We did not stay long after all the hand-shaking was finished. I wanted to go home and see what was in my package,

and so I suppose did the others. The packages all looked alike. Each one contained a tiny gift-book and a honey-cake. The books were the different gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Mine was the Gospel of St. John in a neat black binding with gilt lettering. I had it still when we were getting ready to come to America, and packed it along with my baptismal certificate. Speaking of baptismal certificates, my brother's got safely across the ocean, so also did my father's and mother's. They had all been taken out of their frames. But mine and St. John I never saw again.

Soon after our new Frau Pfarrer came, some changes took place in our church and village life. The church auditorium was long and narrow; the far end of it formed a half-circle. The body of the edifice was divided lengthwise by a wide aisle, on one side of which sat the men and boys, on the other side the women and girls. On the wall next to the women's

side there was an enclosure similar to an opera box, long enough to seat several people. This was for Frau Pfarrer and her family. The half-circle in front was lined with seats similar to opera chairs, each chair having a partition so high that the occupants could not see each other unless they bent forward and looked around. In those stately chairs sat the officers and other dignitaries of the church. They always wore tall silk hats, which during prayer they held in front of their faces.

The Sunday apparel of the elders and matrons was usually black. Every Monday morning Mother brushed and put away her own and Father's Sunday clothes. Once I had opportunity to take a good look at Father's hat, and I noticed that there were holes in the crown. I took it for granted they were peep-holes; but, of course, they were for ventilation. I got the idea then that the object in having those seats face the congregation was

to keep a watchful eye on the boys and girls in the low front benches.

Immediately behind the children on either side of the aisle sat the young, or rather, the unmarried people. Folks were counted as young until they were married, and sat in the young people's seats. On the other hand, no matter how young a youth or lady married, they had to take their place after that with the married, and be counted as "old folks."

Up to the time our new Frau Pfarrer came, the grammar school teacher had led the church singing. He sat just in front of the baptismal font and faced the congregation. After a hymn was given out he took a tuning-fork from his pocket, gave it a shake, then from its vibrations he would catch the correct note and start the hymn, the congregation following. The first of Frau Pfarrer's innovations was a harmonium. It resembled a large flat-topped desk, but was really a church organ. Frau Pfarrer played it at both

the church and Sunday School services to the great delight of us children. But we were not the only ones who delighted in that organ. Men who had not been inside of a church for years now became regular attendants.

Another innovation which was introduced by our Frau Pfarrer was the use of printed cards for social occasions. For use at funeral services, for instance, it was a card with a black border bearing the owner's name. Every one in attendance left such a card on a tray provided for the purpose, and any absentees used the same card to express their sympathies. By this means the bereaved family knew who had been present.

Other cards introduced by the Frau Pfarrer were of a cheerful kind: congratulations on engagements, on weddings, and on births, etc. These cards worked a complete revolution among the villagers in their feelings toward each other. Some who had harbored petty

jealousies or grudges began to watch for opportunities to use their cards in order to express some felicitation. Incidentally these simple innovations tended to increase the church attendance and to stimulate the religious life in the whole village. Frau Pfarrer also organized among the church ladies a missionary society; and, last of all, she instituted a public circulating library.

Previous to the establishment of the library I just read whatever I happened to find. I think that the public mind, juvenile and adult, was fed all sorts of sensational stuff. I remember reading one story entitled "Genoveva," which retailed the marital unhappiness of a woman whose jealous husband had banished her to a forest. There was nothing at all in the book to feed a child's aspirations, nor to stimulate wholesome imagination. It was just a mass of "sob-stuff," but it passed as a children's book.

Another book I remember reading at

that time (it had only a paper cover) detailed the life history of a man who had poisoned his father and mother, and who was condemned to death. I even remember his name, Jacob Furrer, and the fact that he was a butcher's apprentice, and much more that need not be told here. All this rubbish was impressed on a young mind which was eager for better things. And what a lasting impression it made! Over fifty years have elapsed, and the narrative is as fresh in my mind as if it had been read yesterday. I recall that when I read that story I was staying home from school because I had the mumps. Could it be this fact made me more impressionable? I was nursing myself on top of the hospitable tile stove, which is an integral part of every Swiss living-room. The tile stove with a feather-bed on top was the usual refuge for any member of the family who had a slight indisposition.

The firing of the tile stove was done in

THE HOSPITABLE TILE STOVE.—*Page 132.*
Each member of the family finds here his favorite cosy place.

the kitchen, just on the other side of the wall. On baking day the ashes were scrupulously removed and the ten to twelve big loaves of rye bread lifted in, one at a time, on a wooden spade, and slid off on the bare stone bottom. This made wonderfully savory bread. The cooking range was beside the oven door, and overhead in the sooty chimney hung the hams, sausages, bacon, etc., being "smoked."

After the library was opened we children had access to the best of children's books. I remember reading at that time, and also hearing discussed in the family, Pestalozzi's famous classic, "Leonard and Gertrude."

There was also circulation of excellent magazines. I recall seeing in magazines and poring over with pride and admiration pictures of some of my distinguished countrywomen, including Miss Angelica Kauffmann. This was a revelation to me. Up to that time I had never had but one woman teacher, and she only teacher of

sewing. I had never known but one woman to visit a school, our Frau Pfarrer in the sewing-school. I had never seen a woman inside of our regular schoolrooms except to sweep and to dust and to scrub. I had never seen a woman in the church except on similar errands, or as a humble worshiper. We did not even have women to teach in the Sunday School. Naturally I was surprised and delighted to learn that Switzerland had two world-famed artists in Angelica Kauffmann [1] and Mary Moser.

I was further surprised and delighted to learn that the brilliant Madame de Staël was of Swiss birth and parentage. In magazines I also saw for the first time pictures of Pestalozzi and of Zwingli and other Swiss notables.

How much I owe to our good Frau Pfarrer for the part she had in establish-

[1] Three of Angelica Kauffmann's paintings are in the city of Philadelphia. One is in the Wanamaker collection, and two are at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

ing that first public library in our village may never be exactly determined. I do know that the first paper I ever read before a women's club was on the life of Angelica Kauffmann. And I became so interested as time went on in the life-work of Pestalozzi, that the first return to my native land was primarily to visit [1] all the places where he had lived and taught. I believe much, if not all, of this is due to the unostentatious labors of our good Frau Pfarrer in the little village of Weiach on the Rhine.

[1] See "A Pestalozzian Pilgrimage" in the *Chautauquan Magazine* for September, 1901.

CHAPTER XIII

THE NEEDLEWORK SCHOOL

During those three years in the grammar school we girls had regular instructions in needlework three half-days a week. In the needlework school every girl had to be able to knit a stocking complete before she was allowed to sew or do any kind of fancy work.

It was in this school that I had my first lady teacher, Miss Willi, who was gentle, patient, and very pretty.

We began our session with prayer; but instead of the teacher doing all the praying, as was the rule in the other schools, Miss Willi used to call upon different ones of the class to pray.

In a Swiss home not a moment must be wasted. Some handwork was always ready to pick up while one was waiting

for something or somebody. After I came to this country it was often remarked how steadily I applied myself to work. I had formed the habit of filling in every available moment with some sort of handwork. When the late war broke out and women and girls took so assiduously to knitting I was overjoyed; because I had learned from experience that pleasurable handwork begets contentment. I was sorry to see the novelty lapse as soon as the war was over.

As I was able to make a stocking complete when I entered the needlework school, I was permitted to sew as soon as I had finished one pair. I had also learned to sew before this time, and to make such fancy stitches as were required to make those pretty balls every spring. So I was permitted during the first year to hem handkerchiefs and towels. The second year I made some aprons and other things. The third year I made a shirt for my brother. I remember how

troublesome were the gussets in the shoulders and on each side-seam where it opens from the bottom a few inches.

All this work was done by hand. We hadn't even heard of sewing-machines at that time. On a shirt the center plait in front had to be "stitched." This was done by means of very fine and regular back-stitching, always exactly two threads of the material taken up with every stitch.

During that third year I also learned to do hemstitching, and I hemstitched a sheet and some towels for Mother. Last of all, I did the piece of work shown in the accompanying picture.

When a Swiss girl marries she has a large dower of linens of every kind, and every piece has her initials worked in it. For this reason it was quite the fashion for girls to make samplers. They would need these designs not only on their own linens, but they would need the initials of friends and kinsfolk for whom they might wish to make presents. It was also nec-

essary to have several kinds of alphabets to choose from.

This sampler was mounted under glass in a gilt frame, and was on exhibition at the close of the third year, together with the hemstitched pieces and the shirt. After that the sampler had an honored place on the wall of our living-room. I remember how bad I felt when the frame and glass had to be removed, and the sampler was folded like any other piece of needlework, and packed in a trunk ready for our departure for the new world.

The chances are that this sampler would never again have seen the light of day had it not been espied one day, long after we came to America, by a friend who has a fine feeling for things quaint and old. I was rummaging in a trunk and somehow this sampler came in sight. My friend took it out and asked my permission to have it framed. Of course, I consented, and for nearly twenty years it has been hanging in the vestibule of her

home. When I found that I had a use for it in connection with this book, she kindly restored some of the stitches that had become worn, and had this photograph made. The sampler now bids fair to become an heirloom, thanks to the dear friend who has taught me better to appreciate it for its precious associations.

THE SAMPLER BIDS FAIR TO BECOME AN HEIRLOOM.—*Page 140.*

It is customary for every Swiss girl to make a sampler, that she may have different kinds of initials to mark her linens.

CHAPTER XIV

POPULAR HOLIDAYS AND FOLK-LORE

THERE were many holidays in the course of a year, but I recall only one when we were excused from school. All the others seemed to come on Sundays, or else the celebration was postponed until evening when we children had to go to bed.

The one full holiday was that known as Fasnacht, and it fell on February 14th. On that day children dressed in fantastic attire and formed processions. Boys would try to imitate their fathers; for instance, a boy whose father was a chimney-sweep would black his face and carry a small ladder and broom and brush. A boy whose father was an officer in the army would dress as a soldier. Girls and

women would dress as fairies. In the evening would be bonfires and singing.

During a visit to my old home I spent a Fasnacht Day in Zürich and watched many of the children's parades. In every one of those parades the flag so dear to every Swiss—the white cross in a red field—was borne by the leader. The emblem of the Red Cross, being the same design with the colors reversed, was inspired by the Swiss flag and adopted in honor of it because the Red Cross Society was founded in Switzerland. It will be interesting for any girls who did Red Cross work during the war to look up the history of Dr. Jean Henri Dunant, founder of the Red Cross, who died in 1910.

What appealed most to us children on Fasnacht Day was the Fasnacht cake, a sort of shortcake liberally sprinkled with caraway seeds. My godfather always supplied me plentifully with this delicacy.

Kirmess was a summer holiday which always came on Sunday. It was cele-

FASNACHT DAY IN ZÜRICH.—*Page 142.*
The beautiful Swiss flag, a white cross on a red field, is displayed on all festive occasions.

brated with dancing all afternoon and evening, and a late supper at the inn. For us children there were candy-stands out in the open, and we spent our hoarded cash for lozenges, each of which always had a verse in the wrapper. One such verse I remember:

> "Labor, temperance, and rest
> Keep the coin from the Doctor's vest."

Kaiserstuhl was always gaily decorated at Kirmess time, and they usually had either an outdoors play or a pageant, in addition to the regular Kirmess fair. Once Marie Pilger called for me to see a wonderful pageant that was to be given by the young people and the school children. Marie's home was in one of the old castles of which there were many in that town. The entrance was a high, arched door, and the living-room was reached through dark halls and stairways. The sleeping-rooms were still higher up in a sort of turret, and the walls were just plastered,

not nicely finished in wood like those in our house. As I grew older I noticed those things more than I had done before. Whether it was the general spookishness of the house or my growing fondness for Mother and brother, and for my own home, I do not know; but again I became homesick. Marie had to take me home, and miss seeing the pageant, and she never called for me after that.

In the fall we always had a sort of family holiday, or picnic, as it would be called here. We would drive to the woods in our spring wagon on a Saturday and go nutting. Every Swiss child likes to lay up a supply of nuts for Berchtold's Day, and with the first falling of them we began our hoarding. Five nuts make a "hock," and a hock consists of four nuts placed close together so as to form a square with the fifth nut laid on top. I used to have my hocks spread out on shelves in the attic. Neighbor Jacques had his spread out on a table in the

grain house. He always had more than I.

On Berchtold's Day, which is the second of January, when the holiday festivities were at their height, neighborhood parties gathered and had nut-eating feasts. When everybody had their fill they began to sing. At that time brother and I usually had to go to bed. Fortunately our room was just above the living-room, where a hole over the tile stove admitted warmth and also sounds. Many a night we went to sleep listening to the beautiful Swiss songs and yodels. Especially did we enjoy the well-known "Ranz des Vaches."

Robert, one of our apprentices, had an exceptionally good voice and was a remarkable yodeler. He was always the leader of all the merriment.

Another annual picnic in our family occurred after the leaves had fallen from the forest trees. Then we emptied our bed-ticks in a corner of the garden and

took them to the woods in our biggest wagon. There we refilled them with fresh leaves until they were full to bursting, and rode home on top of them. As we boarded all our apprentices and helpers, we had to make several such trips to get all the beds renewed.

Our holiday festivities consisted largely of good things to eat and to drink, which were baked and roasted and brewed days and weeks before. During those festal days certain children took advantage of the joviality of the people. They went about disguised as troubadors and sang or declaimed wherever they gained admission. My brother and I wanted very much to go, for we had learned to sing together a number of songs, I soprano and he tenor; but Father would never consent to our going. Two girls that came every year were schoolmates of mine. Their father was known as "Finkehans." "Finke" is the Swiss name for a house shoe that is made of tailor's selvedges and

thickly lined with fleece. An ancestor of Finkehans had been in the business of making these shoes, and the name adhered to the family. These Finkehans girls always came reciting poetry and dressed as fairies.

Another holiday feature occurred on Christmas Eve, in which these girls also took part. Soon after dark we would hear tinkling of cow-bells and singing and yodeling. Then presently there burst into the house a company of boys and girls disguised and masked, carrying bags which they expected to have filled by the time the rounds of the village folk had been made. At our house there were always baskets of apples ready for them. My first recollection of these visitors is that on seeing them burst into the house I was so frightened that I crawled under the tile stove and refused to come out until the Finkehans girls took off their masks and made themselves known to me. After that I was privileged to dispense

the apples, and so on all through the later years.

The last day of the year, Sylvester Day, was observed in both homes and schools. Whoever was last to rise on that day was Sylvester in the home, and whoever came last to school was Sylvester at school. One year I was late in school on that day, and as I walked in, the roar of "SYLVESTER!" was so deafening that my knees caved. I had to catch hold of the door-latch to keep from falling.

There was one holiday that my brother and I had all to ourselves. It was when our Greta was married to our hired man Jacob. Although my brother and I were the only attendants, the ceremony had to be in the church. On that occasion I wore for the first time a real hoop-skirt. Up to that time we girls used to make them by sewing wild grape-vines into our petticoats. The marriage of Jacob and Greta caused considerable stir in our neighborhood, because both had been with

us some years and were much respected among the villagers. As we walked up toward the church I remember seeing faces peer from behind the engine-house to the left and our wash-house to the right, and Jacques peered from behind the walnut-tree.

In Switzerland it was a common thing among well-to-do people to prolong wedding festivities several days, the guests remaining to feast, to dance, to parade around, staying nights at hotels and at the homes of kinsfolk. I remember many such occasions in Weiach, notably the one when the miller wedded the daughter of one of our rich citizens. (I remember that miller so well because the first ride I ever had on an elevator was when he took me from the bottom to the top of his mill with a load of grain-sacks.) The lady, who had known my mother as a girl, had attended her wedding three whole days, as she often told me. The wedding at which I got my new mother was only one day,

and that of Greta and Jacob was only half a day. It was already near noon when we formed that little procession to the church and immediately after the ceremony we went to our home and had dinner. After that Greta and Jacob went to their own home and that ended the wedding festivities.

It was customary in those days for a bride to be married at the home of the bridegroom, and the arrival of a bride in our village was an event to us children. The conveyance was a wagon with a broad flat top on which the furniture she brought as part of her dower was set up to look like a room. The bride was usually seated in an easy-chair beside her spinning-wheel, which would have a hank of shining flax on it tied with a bright ribbon. And there would be the four-poster piled high with huge feather-beds and downy pillows, and a bureau, wardrobe, table, chest, etc.

Neither my new mother nor any of my

aunts came in that way, because they had always lived in our village. Greta also did not have any such display. During one of my visits to Switzerland I learned that Greta had died and that Jacob was living up on the Gibisnüt, a near mountain. With some cousins I undertook to climb up there. We called upon Jacob, and he fell into a reminiscent mood. The conversation turned to that small wedding party, and he said, reflectively, "Yes, Luisa, there were only good people at that wedding."

No story of Switzerland is complete without some goats in it. On the day we visited Jacob we carried a picnic lunch. I was asked to prepare the cucumbers, and as I began to peel one, there were exclamations of "Oh, how queer," and so on. They said they always first hollowed out the cucumbers, removing all the seeds, then peeled and sliced them. But I prepared those the American way, and they were relished.

While we were in the fullest enjoyment of our picnic lunch a flock of goats came and jumped, one after the other, upon our rough-hewn table, scattering the picnickers in all directions. Not only did the goats help themselves to all that was left of edibles, but one made away with a hat and another with a hand-bag. A member of the party had enough presence of mind to snap the last two marauders with her kodak.

UNINVITED GUESTS AT A PICNIC TABLE.—*Page 152.*
The goat is the poor man's cow.

CHAPTER XV

SOME SIMPLE TASKS OF CHILDHOOD

After my school-days began, I had every succeeding year less time for play. Already during the years of the primary school certain tasks were definitely assigned to me. This is a common custom in Switzerland, and a Swiss child takes to it naturally. Pestalozzi, our pioneer in rational education, advised that children be early encouraged to perform "such simple tasks about the home as would conduce to normal growth, mental and physical." In this respect the Swiss have strictly followed his counsel.

Our good Father Pestalozzi, innate humanitarian that he was, also advocated modes of discipline much milder than those he found in vogue. In this respect, judging from some of my experiences, his

countrymen have been somewhat slow to follow his lead.

As to the "simple tasks of childhood," I feel sure that I performed my share of them. But I enjoyed all except one. Still, I do not recall that I ever complained even of that one.

The Swiss know how to make play out of work. They are great for doing many of their tasks in bees. The women have washing bees, straw-plaiting bees, sewing and knitting bees, and house-cleaning bees, etc. The men have haying and harvesting and threshing bees. A bee is where a number of people, having similar work, do it together, helping each other in turn until all get their work done. In isolated sections like Swiss country districts, where the owners of the various parcels live together in villages, this is a social expedient which promotes the best kind of neighborship.

We children learned from our elders to make our tasks as cheerful as possible.

My playmates and I had to knit all our own stockings. We used to get together and see who could knit the most. We even studied some of our lessons while knitting, because we did not need to look at our knitting all the time. I became such a confirmed knitter that once when I had to stay at home from school because of a wrenched wrist, I was knitting until Father told me to stop it.

Vreneli also had the usual tasks of carrying wood and water, etc. Another of her tasks was to help her father ring the church bells. She could ring the small one, and he could ring two at one time. Once I went with her into the belfry to help; but when those three bells began to ring it made such a deafening roar I was scared all but to death. I began to cry and I ran down the narrow stairs and out of the church as fast as I could, and never went up there again.

One of my most agreeable tasks during the summer was the daily round of our

orchards to gather the fallen fruit. Whenever my krätze got full and heavy, I left some of its contents here and some there, at homes of people who did not have orchards. This was according to Father's orders. One of our orchards was near the Finkehans home, and there I often lightened my load. We had two cherry-trees at the top of a steep meadow bank. They were large black sweet cherries, and I always ate whatever I found. I made it a point to go there first while the krätze was empty, and after I had gathered all the cherries I sent the krätze rolling down the bank and rolled after it.

My uncle, the postmaster, had some cherry-trees in the adjoining meadow and the branches hung very low. One day I found no cherries under our tree, so I took a few off those low branches.

That evening I had to go to the post-office to mail a letter for Father. So important was it, I had to deliver it to the

postmaster personally, instead of putting it into the box. I went with fear and trembling, afraid Uncle might have seen me take those cherries, or heard about it. What did my uncle do? He gave me a little basket of cherries.

During haying time I always had to go along the rows of newly mown grass and pick out all the caraway stalks, let them dry in the sun, and tie them in bundles. Those seeds were used for various things cooked and baked. Vreneli and I always helped each other in turn with the caraway picking. Meantime we feasted on a weed known as tabac, which had a sweet, juicy stalk and leaves, and on the little "cheeses" of the common cheesewort.

Another of my steady jobs was to carry the noonday meal to our workers in distant parcels of land. Swiss farmers live in villages and have their lands outlying, a parcel here, another there. One of our vineyards was across the Rhine in Baden, about two miles distant. Our maid al-

ways went with the " hands " that worked there. As soon as I came from school at noon I had to start off with the dinner in a huge basket, which I wheeled in the baby cab to the Rhine bridge in Kaiserstuhl. There our maid met me, took the basket on her head and carried it to the vineyard. The accompanying picture shows the new Rhine bridge and the ancient castle mentioned in a previous chapter, and a stretch of the vine-clad Rhine bank in the background. On the Badener side were gens d'armes, or tax-collectors, who inspected anything coming across. Mother always put some pie or cake in for them; otherwise they would disturb the dinner.

I had to travel that distance of a mile and back and eat my dinner and get back to school within an hour. Sometimes this continued for weeks at a stretch, because the care of his vineyard was a matter of great pride to Father. Those vineyards stretch in long, narrow panels down the

A stretch of Vineclad Rhine Bank in the background.—*Page 158.*
This castle was formerly an inn; now it is a hospital.

embankment, and no sooner is one kind of pruning finished than it is time to begin again and go through with another kind.

One day Mother did not have the dinner all packed when I got home from school. I saw her put in a big tureen heaping full of fried cakes, and several on top for the gens d'armes. Imagine me, a youngster just from school, having had nothing to eat since an early breakfast, with the odor of those piping hot fried cakes being wafted to me as I pushed that cab ahead. After I had the village of Weiach behind my back I tasted one from under the napkin (I was careful not to take the gens d'armes'). It tasted so good I took another, and another, and so on, I suppose. That evening the maid asked Mother why she had sent so few fried cakes, not even enough to go once around. Of course, suspicion turned to me. To make a long story short, I was severely, and as I afterward concluded, unjustly, punished.

I cannot help comparing that occasion with another when, if ever, I deserved punishment. I had always a great craving for beads, but for some reason I never had any given to me. One day at a neighbor's house I tore the tassel off a beaded hand-bag. It was traced to me, and I expected to be severely punished. To my great surprise, my father said to me in the kindest manner, "Child, if your mother knew that you had done such a thing she would turn around in her grave." I know of nothing that ever went so direct to my heart as that mild and kindly reproof.

During one of my visits to Miss Schäppi's school in Zürich I found her using glass beads of different sizes and colors. In teaching simple arithmetic she would give each child a box of beads, then say to the class, "Now string your white and yellow beads three to one." That meant they should have a needle at each end of the thread, string three white

beads on each needle, then slip both threads through the yellow bead, and repeat the exercise until the period for it expired. This made a little chain, and the exercise could be varied by using different numbers of beads and different colors. In this way she taught colors, number, and form in one and the same exercise. I marked how the girls fondled their little chains and laid them on their wrists as soon as they had an inch or so completed. It was certainly a pleasant exercise, and I felt sure that if I could have learned arithmetic in that way I would have loved instead of hated it.

But to return to my simple tasks. One time I had to take a sack of wheat in our baby cart to the mill in Rhinefelden. It was an hour's walk and through a dense forest. Lizzie went along to show me the way. When we came to a fork in the path she said we must take the one to the left. I followed her advice; but instead

of arriving at the mill we came to the steep river bank on the edge of the forest. I recited hymn No. 213; it seemed to fit the case. After we recovered from the shock of fear we retraced our steps, took the right prong of the fork and reached the mill in due time. We had some refreshments while the wheat was being ground, and returned home in safety. After I related our experience to Father he said I need never go on such an errand again.

In addition to all those things it was my steady job to keep the kitchen supplied with water from the village fountain. At first I carried it in my small gelte on top of my head. Vreneli also had a nice copper gelte and we used to go together. But Father didn't like the idea of a child lifting that weight over the head, so he had a little " tause " made for me. A tause is in shape similar to a krätze, and has shoulder straps; but it is made of staves so it can hold liquids.

Boys as well as girls used to fetch and carry things in both tause and krätze. I could fill this tause at the fountain, then put my arms through the straps and walk off as straight as an arrow. In our kitchen there were four large copper geltes all in a row—Mother's pride—and they had to be filled every day. I used this tause until we broke up our home to come to America; then I gave it along with some other things to Cousin Setti.

I also had to keep the kitchen supplied with firewood, which had to be brought from the woodshed about thirty feet away. People who did not have woodsheds piled their firewood neatly around the house, up to and sometimes even around the windows. A neat woodpile is a characteristic of Swiss husbandry. There the wood was sheltered from rain by the far overhanging eaves which are a marked characteristic of Swiss architecture. This and the fetching of water was really the maid's work; but she was such an excel-

lent spinner that Mother preferred to have her give all the time she could to spinning.

I wanted very much to learn how to spin, and Mother tried to teach me; but the threads slipped through my hands and onto the bobbin before I could get them smooth and fine enough to suit her. Sometimes on winter evenings we had a spinning party, the ladies bringing their spinning-wheels. Those wheels were not bulky like some heirlooms I have seen, but slender and graceful. On such evenings the spinners sat alongside of the big table, the rest of us on the benches that lined the walls and the stove side, and the menfolks sang while the spinners filled their bobbins.

Of all my tasks the one that I did not enjoy had to be done in the cellar. Moreover it always came in early spring when I wanted to play with my ball. About that time our potatoes became sprouty, and my job was to rub the sprouts off a

BOYS AS WELL AS GIRLS FETCH AND CARRY THINGS IN BOTH TAUSE AND KRÄTZE.—*Page 163.*

big basketful every day until the whole binful was gone over.

Vreneli and Lizzie had the same task at their house, and we used to help each other, making a "bee" of it. It wasn't quite so dismal as to sit in the cellar alone. Our bin was always the last to get finished, but the girls helped me clear to the end.

CHAPTER XVI

AN EVENTFUL DECISION

When at the age of twelve I was graduated from the grammar school I had to make a decision which affected my future far more than I realized. My choice lay between two schools. One was the village continuation school which was in session only three half days weekly. In this school were taught the common branches, with an increase of religious instruction preparatory for confirmation, which was compulsory. The other school was the District High School, a private institution.

My heart was set on attending the high school. I had a great desire to study French, which language was taught there as one of the leading branches. Once when rummaging in the attic for some-

thing I came across an old French primer which had belonged to Father. Robert, who was a graduate of the District High School, had already taught me such simple words as père, frère, mère, sœur, maison, etc., and thus stimulated my natural fondness for the language. This old primer was to me a very treasure. With the help of Robert I acquired quite a vocabulary, and so enamored was I of the study that it absorbed my every leisure moment.

But there were obstacles to my entering the District High School. My father had built a factory and had greatly enlarged his business. The close of the Civil War in America was followed by a financial depression which was felt all over Europe. I heard it discussed wherever men met to talk, and saw the ominous shakes of the heads. Rigid economy had to be practised on every hand. Mother proposed doing without a maid, counting on me to help some about

the home. At that time our family numbered ten. And it was really not customary for girls in Weiach to attend higher schools. Only twice in all the history of the village had it happened, and each time two girls attended at the same time. Mother objected because I would be the only girl from our village, with sixteen boys; and the village of Stadel, where the District High School was located, was an hour distant.

Mother's only sister lived in Stadel. Her husband, Dr. Hauser, as I learned later, was one of those who greatly favored my going to the high school, and who helped my father in reaching the decision which he did. But no new school dress was being made for me, so I took it for granted that I was not to go.

The morning came when the District High School was to begin its spring session, at which new pupils entered. I had not altogether given up hope, so I was up early, and I tried to be prepared as far

as I could, in case I should be permitted to go. After breakfast I went into the garden and fumbled in that long flower-bed. Self-seeded larkspurs and snap-dragons had come up again, and I trans-planted some, in a desultory sort of way. To my great joy Father came out to me and said: "Luisa, do you want to go to the District High School?" I said, "Oh yes, Father."

"Then in God's name, go," was his short but impressive reply. I have re-membered the exact words all these years; and he bade me put on my Sunday dress as quickly as possible.

I do not know where Mother was at the time. I remember only that when I came down-stairs, ready to go, Father had a packet lunch ready for me which he handed me in a small shopping-bag. He also gave me a coin with which to get a plate of soup at the inn.

As I said before, and I think it bears repeating, Weiach has a most idyllic set-

ting, and the road to Stadel led between those two rambling mountains, the Höbrig on the left and the Schanzenberg on the right. On a clear day the snow-covered Alps were in plain view all the way, just as they are portrayed in the Charlemagne picture. Two villages also had to be passed through, and by the way they contributed more boys to the District High School, but not a girl.

I have not the slightest recollection what transpired from the time Father handed me that bag until I arrived in the schoolroom, although I have tried hard and often to recall some incident en route. I remember numerous incidents of my journeying to and from Stadel on other days; but my memory of the hour's walk which brought me to my goal, the District High School, is a complete blank. Years afterward when Robert had joined us in America we frequently reminisced; and he told me then that he and the others in the shop on that day saw Father put

me out of a window, and that I was still running when I disappeared at the bend in the road.

Mother took it very hard to be so completely overruled, and I do not wish her to be blamed for taking the stand which she did. She felt that the need to economize was all-important at that time, and she disliked the idea of my going that distance alone. Moreover, from conversation which I overheard I know that she was sincere in the belief that girls had no need of higher education. The relative attendance at this school of sixteen boys to one girl from our village would indicate that such was the general belief.

As I intimated before, the village schools in Switzerland have official visitors whose business it is to keep in touch with the schools assigned to them for inspection. Our principal at the District High School was the same Mr. Reichling who had been for several terms inspector of the schools in Weiach. No man was

ever more beloved by our villagers both young and old.

Father cautioned me over and over just to be a very good girl and help Mother in every possible way, that everything would work out all right. It was at this time I began to sense more fully the spiritual meaning of many of the hymns I had learned in school. All unconsciously somehow I fell into the habit of reciting hymns on my way to and from school; and I do believe that I consecrated with this mode of prayer the whole length of that three-mile stretch of roadway. The hymn from which I derived most comfort and which seemed exactly to fit my case was that longest one in the hymn-book, No. 213, which I learned while doing penance for my talkativeness in the grammar school. Years afterward in America I found a translation of it in my hymn-book. It was the chief inspiration of the temperance crusaders of 1874. Here is a translation of the first verse:

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed.
God knows thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Over and above all I was happy, for I had been successfully launched in the high school. Years afterward when with my sixteen-year-old son I visited my old home, I took him one day to Stadel and told him some of the history herein related.

"You wanted an education badly," was his terse comment.

CHAPTER XVII

THE HIGH SCHOOL—FIRST YEAR

Despite tardiness, my reception by Mr. Reichling was most cordial. He conducted me to the one vacant seat in the girls' row; yes, there was just one vacant seat. It seemed as if it had been reserved for me.

The girls' row—that sounds as if there were only one row of seats for girls in that schoolroom. Well, such was the fact. The school had originally been intended for boys only. For them there were ten rows of seats, each accommodating six pupils, so the proportion of boys to girls was about sixty to six. From Weiach it was sixteen to one.

Some of the contributing villages and

hamlets had not done as well as little Weiach, had not sent even one girl. On the other hand, the small village of Neerach (I think it deserves to be specifically mentioned) had sent two: one was a physician's, the other a farmer's daughter. Stadel had contributed two, one the daughter of the innkeeper; the other was Caroline, daughter of our principal. And there was one girl from a more distant village who attended here because she did not like the teacher in her own district. She was the daughter of a rich manufacturer. Considering that this was a private school, we girls were a democratic coterie. Among the sixteen boys from Weiach was my cousin the Postrudi and my neighbor Jacques. They were one class ahead of me.

Owing to the distance, and the large amount of home work always required which necessitated carrying books back and forth, the boys carried knapsacks. I carried my things in the old shopping-

bag. I also continued to wear my Sunday dress, and bore the disgrace twice of also wearing it on Sundays. Then Mother bought me a new one. I walked by myself, entirely ignoring the boys. Sometimes they went at a rapid rate and overtook me; sometimes they loitered and I passed them.

In school we studied history, French, geography, literature, botany, a little of art and music, and in arithmetic we had what were called examples with proportions. I still have my copy-book of those examples, and they look as familiar to me now as a page of Sanskrit. How I ever solved those examples is beyond my comprehension. It makes me dizzy now even to look at them; and of one thing I am sure, I never was a "copycat."

During the first year our compositions dealt with almost every subject under the sun, from poets to cowherds. But after all there need be no great diversity even between these. Did not Emerson say

that only poets should be cowherds? But here are two compositions in my copy-book that need revision. One is on Venice—"An Austrian city, etc." The other describes how sumptuously and magnificently the Russian Czar lives in his winter palace.

In the high school we were not merely stuffed with information; we were really encouraged to think and to acquire knowledge. Mr. Reichling would give us the theme of a story and let us elaborate it according to our own ideas. Every so often he had us describe our journeys to and from school. These could be made via the highway, or by detours on either side along adjacent foothills of the Höbrig, the Schanzenberg and the Gibisnüt. Topography was the same from day to day, to be sure, but vegetation, forestry, birds, flowers and even the landscape differed with the passing seasons. Our route was due south, so that on a clear day we were in full view of the Alps very

much as they are seen from the lake front in Zürich. Sometimes when the boys were loitering and I passed them, I overheard them naming the different peaks.

Our principal was a great believer in poetry as an educating and refining influence, and he read to us daily some gem of literature. The beautiful poem on Switzerland by Adalbert von Chamisso filled my heart with pride for my native country. This is not the one I have described elsewhere. In this gem of verse the kings and potentates and lesser luminaries who annually visit Switzerland are asked what it is that draws them there. Is it because they wish to exchange the sceptre for a shepherd's staff, or because they would fain find a resting-place in freedom's soil? Then the poet draws a word picture in which he likens Switzerland to a book written by the hand of God in script so colossal that Mt. St. Gotthard is only a punctuation mark in it. My enthusiasm for the land of my birth

was further stimulated by Peter Hebel's poems written in the Swiss dialect. Hebel was not a Swiss, but next to it; he lived just across the Rhine in what is known as the Black Forest. His poems were largely on nature subjects, strictly scientific as to facts, for he was a keen observer of so-called simple things. But he could invest the merest commonplaces with a fascinating mystery. His provincial style was irresistible to plain folk. His poem on the spider was committed to memory by our class as a work of consummate art, and recited many times. Here the activities of the spider are portrayed in terms so whimsical, and with so much fellow feeling that even the primmest housewife would almost hesitate to disturb a web. A single verse sums up the poet's feeling:

"O Thierli, wie hesch mi verzückt,
Wie bisch so chli und doch so gschickt;
Wer het di au die Sache glehrt?
Denkwol der wonis alli nährt."

In other words: Little creature, how you have charmed me; so small you are and yet so clever! Who has taught thee all these things? No doubt He who cares for us all.

Probably the poem by Hebel which is most popular with the Swiss, especially to those living along the Rhine, is the one entitled "Die Wiese." "Wiese" is the name of a river that flows from the Black Forest toward Switzerland near Basel, and there joins the Rhine. Hebel here idealizes Wiese as a charming maiden on her way to meet the Rhine, "St. Gotthard's big boy, a man grown now, proud and pompous like a Baseler solon." In the description of the Rhine's course from its source westward, places are mentioned which play a part in this story: Kaiserstuhl, Eglisau, etc. At Basel the "marriage certificate" is procured. The lovers were previously engaged but had never met. Where the Rhine turns that right angle into Alsace, there the mar-

riage of lovely Wiese and noble Rhine takes place, and they are happy ever after.

Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" was another favorite with our class. It is too well known to all the world to need any description here. In his "Song of the Bell" Schiller's reference to the dead mother made a strong impression on me. I have found an excellent translation of it by Boring.

After I had read this part of the poem I demanded to know the exact spot in our churchyard where my mother was buried. But the grave was in a section where the earth had been leveled. The friend who gave me that picture that she said resembled my mother, one day showed me about where the grave had been. Oh, how I used to haunt that section, wishing I might in some way be attracted to the exact spot, that I might kiss the earth which held my mother's remains!

A Swiss churchyard belongs to the

commonwealth, and is usually large enough to last the community about twenty years. When it is filled, burials are again started at the place of beginning. No one may buy a burying lot. Each must take his chance and be buried when his turn comes, beside the one immediately preceding. It happened in Weiach that two women who had been lifelong enemies died only a few days apart, and so were buried side by side. One was Barbara our seamstress, the other her sister-in-law.

Another of Schiller's poems, "The Partition of the Earth," did not appeal to me at all at the time. In this poem Schiller has Zeus hand the earth over to mankind, to be divided among them. Accordingly the agriculturist takes possession of the acres, the sportsman the forests; the merchant fills his storehouses, the abbot claims the vineyards, the king takes tithe of all. After everything has found its owner, along comes the poet.

There is nothing left for him, and he throws himself at the feet of Zeus, lamenting his fate. Zeus, seeing that everything is gone, comforts the poet with the promise that henceforth and forever, whenever he so desires, he may share the god's celestial abode with him.

Years afterward on reading Emerson's essay, "The Poet," I was struck by the similarity of thought of the two writers. Near the close of the last paragraph Emerson says:

"Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own; and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders."

Another simile of thought occurs in Goethe's poem "The Digger for Treasure" and Delafontaine's "Le Laboureur et ses Enfants." In the high school we had to read these two poems concurrently and write a treatise on them. In Goethe's

poem the digger works various enchantments in hopes of finding hidden treasure and consequent happiness. He is disillusioned by an apparition which informs him that only honest work is the magic which will bring true happiness and abiding treasures. The "Laboureur"—laborer—at the point of death tells his children that treasure is hidden in their patrimonial acres; but he does not know the exact spot. After his death, while hunting for the supposedly hidden treasure, they turn over and over every foot of the ground. As a result it became so fertile as to bring a marvelous harvest, and thus richly to reward them for their labor. Actual money or treasure was not found hidden away; labor was its own reward:

"—Le père fut sage
De leur montrer avant sa mort
Que le travail est un trésor."

During that first year we also read some of Æsop's Fables in French, and

translated others into French. The joy of living for me was nearing the high-water mark: I began to *think* in French.

In other branches of study I maintained a respectable standing; but that was work. The study of French was pure joy, unalloyed pleasure.

CHAPTER XVIII

EVERYTHING WORKING OUT ALL RIGHT

During the first year in the high school I had some interesting experiences, outside of the school as well as in. In the first place, the sudden changes of weather in a mountain country like Switzerland are to be reckoned with, where one has daily to walk several miles in the country. Many a morning I started away from home under a clear sky, and before reaching school I would be overtaken by a sudden shower. I traveled the longest distance but one of any of the girls, and Mr. Reichling exerted a sort of fatherly care over me. Whenever I came to school in drenched garments he sent me over to Madame Reichling with a note. Then she would have me take off my wet garments and put on some of Caroline's. At the

close of school she would have mine dry and ready to put on again.

It was our custom on leaving the school for the day to bid the principal good-bye with a handclasp as we passed him at the door. Whenever it looked threatening he would say as I passed him, "Luisa, you stay with us to-night." At such times Caroline was always just as pleased as I was; for we came to be fondly attached to each other, and it was a friendship which has lasted through life. The evenings that I spent in that happy household were among the pleasantest of those years, for Madame Reichling was like a mother to me.

After my entrance into the high school my long visits to Grandfather ceased; at least I have no recollection of any. I was "a big girl" now, and my play days were over. I wrote occasional letters to Grandfather.

During the summer vacation that first year I helped Mother with dressing the

flax in the field. After it was cut it had to be exposed to the sun, then moistened, and exposed again. This process was repeated several times. Then I assisted with the heckling of it, and after it was spun I took the glossy skeins to the weaver who lived in one of the villages through which I had to pass on my way to school. After it was woven it was taken to the dyer in Eglisau to be made into blue print; and then I got a new school dress.

About that time Father also bought me a new school-bag, one with straps which I could hang over a shoulder, tourist fashion. When winter came that first year I had to have a warm outer garment. Up to this time I had worn knitted jackets. To my great disgust a tailor was hired to come to the house and make me a garment out of Father's old army mantle. Of all things, a man to make a garment for me; and he was one of that "Finke" family known in the village as

the Finke Schneider. Schneider means tailor. I remember the enormous collar he put on it, quilted and stitched criss-cross, not at all like the collars on the mantles which the other girls wore. The result was that I more often carried that mantle on my arms than on my back, except when I was on the long stretches between villages where there were no houses.

As might be expected, I took a severe cold and had to stay at home several days. It was a practice with Mr. Reichling to visit any of his pupils who were absent more than a day or two. I think he utilized such occasions as a pretext to get a glimpse into the home life of the pupil and to cultivate kindly relations with the parents. On the occasion of his visit to our house Father was not at home; so it fell to Mother to entertain him. As usual, I was knitting. After he had had a few words with me, Mother took him into the next room, and I heard her in-

quire about my conduct. His answer was most favorable as to my work, but he added, "Luisa and Caroline like to whisper pretty well." The same old failing.

During that first summer I was the only girl who carried a lunch to school. The other girls who came from a distance dined at the inn. It was not very pleasant to be in the schoolroom alone with all those boys, perhaps twenty or thirty altogether. Caroline very kindly invited me to spend my noon hours in her summer-house, and there she taught me to embroider linen. In Switzerland, instead of napkin rings, they use linen cases that are made similar to an envelope, with a monogram on the flap and some sort of a fastener. After a meal the napkin is folded and placed in the case. It serves the purpose well, and is more sanitary than the ring. Any one boarding away from home is expected to have one. I made me such a case during my leisure hours in that summer-house and put on it

the initial G from the third alphabet in my sampler. I felt that I might need it some day after I should have been graduated from the high school.

It got to be a common thing for me to do errands for my father on the way to school. He was the only locksmith in the district. I delivered bills for him along the way, and often collected the money.

Sometimes also people would give me messages to take to Father. I have occasion to remember one such incident most vividly. A woman called to me as I passed her home and asked that Father send some one to mend a lock. Then she turned to her big boy who was crying and said in a threatening manner, "Whatever that will cost I shall take off your back." I repeated her remark to Father. A few days after the lock had been mended he gave me the bill to take to this woman, and he told me to read it and see whether it was all right. I didn't know what he

meant, because I knew nothing about his charges; but I read the bill. It was to the effect there would be no charge, and hence she would have no occasion to take anything off the boy's back. That lad later wandered to America and found my father. We had many Sunday dinners at his home. About thirty years later when my father lay dead in our home this same lad, a middle-aged man then, shed tears over him.

I think the way Father let me go to the high school was such a shock to Mother that she couldn't get over it right away. For a while she was rather cool. But something seemed suddenly to change her back to her former self. It was after the annual church holiday known as Thanks, Penance, and Prayer Day which corresponds in some respects to the American Thanksgiving. All of a sudden Mother became so amiable again that it seemed as though she couldn't do enough for me.

About that time there was a fair in Kaiserstuhl. Booths were erected along the main street where everything was for sale that one could think of. Mother took my brother and me, and hardly a booth was passed but that she asked me if I didn't want something there. I remember I got a string of lovely beads, and other things.

About that time Mother also made an arrangement with Aunt Hauser for me to stay there during bad weather. Long before that time Father had asked me if I didn't want to make something for Mother's name-day. We agreed on a pair of slippers and he gave me money for canvas and the worsteds. I selected a design in my sampler, and this was some of the fancy work I did during noon hours in the summer-house. When I had those slipper tops finished Father had them nicely mounted, and Mother was very much pleased with the gift.

At that time my brother was attending

the primary school, but for some reason Father and some other citizens took their children out and sent them to the school in the next village through which I had to pass on my way to high school. I took charge of my brother on his way to school and returning; gradually other parents looked to me to have a watchful eye also over their children.

The time had come when my attending the high school was a matter of convenience to the family, and everything was working out all right, just as Father had predicted it would.

CHAPTER XIX

GIRLISH PLANNINGS

The custom of exchanging daughters was in vogue in my day in Switzerland. It was this: after a girl has graduated from the high school, or any school where she has studied a foreign language, and wishes to perfect herself in that language, her parents will try to exchange her for a year or two for a daughter in some family who wishes to perfect herself in the language she has been studying. Such an exchange is always made between families of about the same social standing, and these families are usually brought together through some advertising bureau. In the respective homes into which these exchanging girls go each takes the place of the absent daughter, and calls the heads of the house Father and Mother.

In my part of Switzerland, a governess had to be able to teach French, and to speak it fluently. In the French-speaking part, or in the Wälschland as we called it, she had to be able to teach German.

It is a firmly rooted principle in the Swiss mind that one is not educated, nor fit to enter upon a self-supporting career, until one has "eaten strange bread," as they term it. That is, one must have lived away from home and learned how the outside world lives. Boys and young men get this experience when, after learning a trade or profession, they enter upon their journeyman career. That is, they travel for a term of years, working short spells here and there in different countries. Father's helpers in the shop were such journeymen. In this way they perfect themselves in any languages which they have learned in school, and they see strange countries and strange peoples before they settle down for life. They get

that finishing touch to their education which the Swiss deem indispensable.

The Cantons where girls from our part of Switzerland liked best to go were Geneva, Neuchâtel, and Vaud, the part of Switzerland known as the Wälschland. The city of Zürich was very popular with girls from the Wälschland. Already during the first year in the high school Caroline and I were wont to exchange our views as to what we would like to do after school, when we should have finished our exchanges. Caroline's choice was that of a modiste; I set my heart on being a governess. I knew some young ladies who had been in Yverdon in the Canton Vaud, the city in which Pestalozzi had had his world-renowned institute. The very name of Yverdon was music in my ears, and it was my great ambition to go there to "finish my education," as we called it. I felt quite sure that Mother would never consent to an exchange; but one of those young ladies who had been in

Yverdon had made her own way. I felt confident that I could do the same. So I entered upon the second year in the high school with Yverdon firmly set as my goal, although secretly, except as Caroline and I exchanged confidences.

CHAPTER XX

MISCELLANIA

I SAID that we had also some instruction in art and music. That in art was negligible; it consisted mostly in dashing off something in water colors for our parents at holiday time, a wreath with a verse in it. But in music we had an excellent vocal teacher. Mr. Reichling claimed not to have a voice for singing, so he engaged another teacher for that branch.

I said he "claimed" not to have a voice. It was his custom during the spring and summer to take us for occasional excursions up the Gibisnüt. In fact he could not do otherwise. The very first pleasant day in spring the whole second class would shout as he entered the

schoolroom, "Allons sur la montagne!" Of course, he gave in to them and we all went. I remember once we went up the Stadler Berg in which there is a cave large enough to hold us all comfortably. While in that cave we sang one of our national songs. I stood next to Mr. Reichling and I heard his baritone voice ring out clearly; and to me it was so sweet that whenever I think of the incident I can see him standing there and—yes—I can hear those tender crooning strains. I am living that scene over again this very minute, as I have done many times. The song we sang in that cave was an ode to Helvetia, the Swiss Goddess of Liberty. It is sung to the tune of "America," as I learned after coming here. One verse in it praises the sons of Helvetia marching joyfully to battle. When I visited Switzerland in 1910 I was glad to find that the most popular national song was not a martial one. It was the "Psalm of the Swiss"

in which there is no mention of wars or battles. It glorifies nature and exalts God the Creator of all that is glorious in nature. It is written by Leonard Widmer of Zürich, and it portrays beautifully the Swiss conception of the Creator. I have found an excellent translation, and deem it not out of place to give it here:

PSALM OF THE SWISS

When thou com'st with reddening dawn
Thee I see in rays of morn,
Through eternity and time
    Lord sublime!
When the Alps are crimson glowing
Be your prayers, free Switzers flowing,
Unto God, whose father hand
Leads you to His heavenly land.

When the shades of eve are here
Thee I see in starry sphere—
Thee as friend of man adored,
    Loving Lord!
From yon shining realm elysian
Grant to me that blessed vision
Which true spirits understand:
God, in heavenly fatherland.

If thick mists the heights enshroud
Thee I see in seas of cloud—
Thee whose depth no man can learn
Loved eterne!
Low, o'er vapors gray victorious
Leads the sun his pageant glorious,
Bidding earthlings understand
God, in heavenly fatherland.

As thou ridest the raging blast
Be thyself our refuge fast
Whose fixed purpose cannot err,
Rescuer!
In each night of storm and terror,
Childlike trusting without error,
May our spirits understand
God, in heavenly fatherland.

As I have said before, Mr. Reichling had great faith in poetry as an educating medium. Often he would ask us to write from memory some choice verse or lofty sentiment, leaving us to decide what was choice or lofty.

In those days I did not discern what his object was in his various methods of exploring our intellects. I think now that his object in asking us to choose a lofty senti-

ment or choice verse was to make us exercise our taste in literary matters. It was the same principle that Miss Schäppi employed, when she had her children cut beautiful pictures from old magazines and paste them into a book. Her object was to cultivate their taste by means of that exercise, and not merely to fill a scrap book.

Once when we were asked to write some of those lofty sentiments I wrote this from Schiller:

> "Wo man singt da lass dich ruhig nieder,
> Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder."

After teacher had seen it, Caroline and I each looked at what the other had written. I could see at once that she was disappointed in mine. When I pressed her for an explanation she said, "Don't you know that Papa doesn't sing?" I felt so terribly over it that the incident was indelibly stamped on my mind. The translation of those lines is: Where they

sing there you may rest in peace, evil people have no songs." But Mr. Reichling could and did sing.

He had some patent expressions which were so humorous that when I first heard them I could hardly restrain myself from laughing, but they would lose their flavor in translation. He kept some sort of a blank in which were squares marked off for the pupils. For any severe misdemeanor a black mark called a "Strich" was traced in the square. Cousin Rudi was given many a Strich because he used to play so hard during the noon recess that he would come into school with his face red as a lobster. Jacques was generally well behaved; but he had a way of getting sudden headaches whenever a hard lesson was on the tapis; and a headache was considered sufficient to excuse one for the rest of the day. I remember hearing one Schultz say more than once that he wished he could purchase a dose of Jacques' headaches. That same Schultz

afterward married my chum Caroline. Then she ceased to be a modiste and became the wife of a station-agent and helped sell railroad tickets and flag trains.

Those high school lads were the pride of their respective villages. They were all being trained in athletics such as lead gradually to the military training which every Swiss youth undergoes to fit him for that "standing army," which does not stand at all but stays quietly at home. But let there be the slightest occasion for defense of the homeland, and in twenty-four hours they are "standing," two hundred and fifty thousand strong. Those high school lads had a sprightly step, and their knapsacks gave them a natty air. How they passed the time as they wandered back and forth day after day along the main road, or skirting the foothills of those adjacent mountains, was a closed book to me; I kept so modestly aloof from them.

Friend Robert, who joined us later in

America, told me that the coterie of lads with whom he had attended the high school used to observe the conduct of birds along the way. Years later, when I became interested in our wild birds, he sent me an account of his observation of some storks. I will give it here in his own good English:

"That storks are possessed of a certain instinct to discern right from wrong has been proven to the writer by observing them to hold a sort of court, at a time when they were assembling in large numbers. Going home from school once we noticed a large number of storks in a swampy place, posted in a circle. In the center stood the culprit over which sentence had to be passed. Their loud and violent chatter indicated that they were in dead earnest about their deliberations. But since it was time for us to go home we did not wait to see the finale of the proceedings. Naturalists tell us that storks often pass death sentence, in which case they plunge on the defendant and peck him to death. The observation of stork life during several years has con-

vinced me that these birds, so beautiful in their appearance and so graceful in their every movement, are possessed—if not of reason, then of a highly developed instinct for which they well deserve the protection which they enjoy."

There was a stork's nest on the church tower in Stadel, the pride and joy of the villagers. Those were probably the storks that attracted the flock which held court, and which were observed by Robert and the other boys that day.

Let us hope that those Weiacher lads, and all the others who traveled miles to the high school in Stadel, got a proper amount of good out of their daily journeyings in that beautiful and interesting country.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HIGH SCHOOL—SECOND YEAR

In my Cahier Français of those days, which I have treasured all these years, are several of Delafontaine's fables. Originally they were in verse, but we rendered in prose such familiar ones as "Le Singe et le Chat," "Le Loup et la Cigogne," "La Cigale et la Fourmi," "Les orreilles du Lièvre," and others. Delafontaine, like Æsop, found animals a more interesting subject to write about than human beings. "Je me sers des animaux pour instruire des hommes," he said in his dedication; which is to say: I employ animals in order to teach men. He said further that they all speak, even the fishes.

History next engaged our attention. My Cahier Français contains biographical sketches of

Phillipe, Roi de Macedoine.
Alexandre le Grand.
Soliman II.
Cosme de Medicis.
François I, Roi de France.
Henry IV, Roi de France.
Charles XII, Roi de Suède.
Frederic II, Roi de Prusse.
Pierre le Grand, etc., etc.

I am disappointed that among all these biographies there is not one of a woman, nor even one written by a woman. But I recall that in our French reader there were tributes to two women: Beranger's "Adieux de Marie Stuart," and Delavigne's " Mort de Jeanne d'Arc."

Mr. Reichling also laid great stress on Delavigne's " Christophe Colomb," especially the last verse, and most emphatically the last line. At the time it did not interest me especially; we had had so much about Christopher Columbus in history. It did interest me later on because we came to the country that was discov-

ered by Christopher Columbus. That last verse referred to is as follows:

"Oh généreux sanglots qu'il ne peut retenir!
Que dira Ferdinand; l'Europe, l'avenir!
Ill la donne a son roi cette terre féconde;
Son roi va le payer des maux qu'il a soufferts;
Des trésors, des bonneurs, en exchange d'une monde,
Un trone, ah! c'etait peu! Que reçut-il? des fèrs."

Irons, chains, were his reward for discovering the new world.

During that second year I also stayed a great deal of the time at Aunt Hauser's. The oldest of the Hauser girls, Susette, was only two years younger than I. Louisa, the next, was nine. She spelled her name with an "o." When I wanted to spell my name that way it was not allowed because it was written the other way in the baptismal certificate and on the church records. But after we came to America, and my baptismal certificate was lost, anyway, I began to spell my

name so as to make it American. About that time I began also to wish that my mother's name Susanna had been given to me in baptism, instead of Luisa. Once I was talking to a friend about it and she said that I could just add it to the name I had. This I did, and began to write my name Susanna Louise.

Speaking of altering names to make them American, I know of an instance where this was carried too far. One day a friend invited me to go with her to meet some Swiss people by the name of Judy. I remarked that this was an unusual name for a Swiss. After I became acquainted with these people I learned that their name originally had been Tschudi, and that they were descendants of the renowned Tschudi family. I expressed surprise that they had altered and practically discarded that name so ancient and so highly respected. Their excuse was that when they bought their property, the name was recorded in the deed and on the

court records as Judy, and that they spelled it that way in order to hold the property. I said that if it were I, I would keep the name and let the property go.

There were three younger Hauser children. They had a governess and there was a housekeeper. The Hauser home was built in that year so significant to Americans—1812,—as a plate on the ceiling in the living-room indicated. When I first knew it, Dr. Hauser, Sr., the original owner, was still living in it. Aunt and Dr. Hauser, II, were living in a wing which had been expressly built for them. But during my high school days Uncle Hauser was head of the mansion, and it is one that bids fair to last for centuries. Switzerland is rich in forests, and houses are built of the best timber. During my last visit I found Dr. Hauser, III, occupying the paternal home.

The Hauser home was in some respects similar to the Pfarrhaus in Weiach. It

THE HAUSER HOME WAS BUILT IN 1812.—*Page 212.*

Stability is one of the characteristics of Swiss family life. The third generation of the same family now occupies this home.

had many doors, but the most interesting one to us children was the great arched entrance into the wine cellar. It had symbolic figures on it of the god Bacchus and other celebrities, and inscriptions which will go out of fashion when Switzerland follows the good example of the United States of America and adopts national prohibition. The Hauser garden was one of the beauty spots of the district. All the paths were graveled, and bordered with dwarf boxwood. This garden had been laid out at the time the house was built and was never altered. A stone wall surrounded it, low enough so passers-by could easily look over; and there was a summer-house, but it was very old. Uncle Hauser always seemed absorbed in thought or business, and we girls never dared disturb him or ask him questions. But I had the kindest feelings toward him because I knew it was he whose counsel had helped Father decide to send me to the high school.

Aunt Hauser was like a real city person. She wore her hair puffed over the ears, the puffs being made by means of peculiarly shaped side-combs over which the hair was drawn. When dressed to go out she wore a " skyscraper " bonnet and mits, and a mantilla. In *Godey's Ladies' Magazine* of the early sixties there are pictures showing those fashions. The only work we girls had to do was to take care of our own rooms and do errands for Uncle. Sometimes we worked a little in the garden. The girls and their mother were wonderful singers, and the house was much of the time ringing with their songs and yodels. I found it so congenial at Aunt Hauser's that I sometimes wished for rain, just as some of the boys wanted to buy headaches.

Everything seemed to be working out all right; but one day there was a great " crash," so to speak, and sudden changes took place in our household.

CHAPTER XXII

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS

As I said before, while I was still in the grammar school my father greatly expanded his business; but when he was about to reap the benefits from his improvements, the panic swept our country which followed the close of the Civil War in America. The first intimation I had that my father was being affected by it was when some one asked me whether it was true that he would have to "let go."

After that I heard disturbing reports from other sources. These were confirmed to my mind when our maid was discharged and Mother began to do all the housework. Soon after this one day Father said I would have to give up going to the high school because it was too expensive, and also because I was needed

to help at home. I told Mr. Reichling, or attempted to tell him; but I broke down and cried before I had fairly started. He seemed to understand it all, and he consoled me by saying that he would fix it up as far as the expense was concerned and for me to keep on attending school as though nothing had happened. The folks at home were willing I should do so.

A few days later Mr. Reichling informed me that he had obtained a scholarship for me for the rest of the school year, and upon that the folks at home consented to my continuing to attend school. Moreover, the housework question took care of itself; for Father disposed of all his business and this reduced our family to only four.

Our home was sold. Fortunately Uncle Hans bought it, so it remained in the family, and heirlooms such as the stationary clock and Uncle Hans-Heiri's memorial were left right there. Soon

afterward Father left for America. At the time I did not realize the full significance of his going. He had often been away on long business trips.

Years afterward when I understood what all those sudden happenings meant, I became convinced that Father on that occasion went like Abraham of old, "not knowing whither." In America it soon became my privilege to add my earnings to the family living. I told Father then that the District High School had helped largely to make it possible; that my contributions were the result of that eventful decision, the interest on his then investment, so to speak.

After Father was gone, Mother and my brother went to live with her brother at the inn, and it was arranged for me to stay all the time at Aunt Hauser's. It was wonderful how kind the boys were to me during those sad days. Almost daily they took messages from me to Mother and brought me messages from her; often

they carried packages back and forth between us. Jacques was the kindest of all; it seemed as if he could not do enough for me.

Meanwhile Father wrote from America saying that he wished us to follow as soon as all matters could be arranged. He also advised that if possible I begin the study of English at once.

Father's letters to us were common property so to speak, in the whole village; and the fact that he had advised me to study English soon got to the ears of our Frau Pfarrer. She had been graduated from a high school and this formed a common interest between us. In the turn that affairs were now taking in our family, she showed herself soothingly tender, and expressed herself as ready to help in any way she could. I had no idea that I could begin the study of English while I was still attending the high school and studying French. It was after graduation that I hoped to take up that study.

Frau Pfarrer advised me to begin at once and she offered to give me lessons. It was just what *she* needed, she said: Some incentive to make her go over the principles and brush up on the conjugations and declensions. After her exchange years in the Wälschland she had spent a year in England, and she was fast forgetting English.

Mother accepted her kind offer. During the rest of that school year I went every Saturday to Weiach, and Frau Pfarrer gave me a long lesson in the language which has become mine by adoption. I recall now how very easy seemed to me the study of English after going over those terrible irregular French verbs. The only difficult thing about English was the pronunciation. By the end of the school year I could read and translate almost any of Æsop's Fables; but that was because I was tolerably familiar with them.

Meanwhile the prospect of removing to

America had put an end to my cherished plan of going to Yverdon and fitting myself to become a governess. The question was, if not a governess, what then should it be? Until this was settled and a new goal set, I could not feel that I was working to any definite end; so thoroughly had I been schooled in the Swiss ideal of application to a fixed purpose.

It was in this state of uncertainty that I finished my second year in the high school. Looking back upon that period now, I realize as I did not then, that Mr. Reichling was a true teacher. He sought to cultivate in us the finest type of patriotism, an exalted idealism, and proper respect for honest labor. His aim was to refine emotions as well as to cultivate intellects. It could be said of him as Diesterweg said of Pestalozzi: he turned the schoolhouse into an institution for human culture.

CHAPTER XXIII

AMERICA—THE WONDERFUL

At the end of the second year in the high school I was offered a scholarship for the third year, and Mother was willing that I should accept it if I wanted to. But Dr. Hauser, on whose judgment we placed much reliance and who assumed a sort of fatherly attitude toward me after my father was gone, said that since America was now our goal it would be wise to concentrate on the study of English.

About that time Father also wrote advising that I make a beginning in learning the modiste trade, as he had heard that in America it was a paying business. It was very painful to me to give up the governess idea; but to be a modiste seemed to me to be the next best calling,

since that was what Caroline had chosen. I hoped that Caroline and I might be apprenticed to the same mistress; but Caroline continued another year in high school. I would have done the same, had not America loomed so large.

To make a long story short, I was apprenticed in the neighboring town of Glattfelden to a modiste whose brother had been one of Father's helpers. Being fond of needlework I entered with resignation and even with some joy upon this new venture. In Switzerland the apprenticeship system is governed by well-defined laws, and a written contract is drawn in every case. A master or mistress undertaking the industrial training of youth stands in parents' place, and an apprentice is a member of the family.

I continued my English lessons and from now on I took two a week. The hour's walk from Glattfelden to Weiach was a needful change from the steady application to needlework indoors, and it

was pleasant to see Mother and my brother and the Frau Pfarrer so often. Let no one think that those lessons were confined to the mere study of English. Frau Pfarrer had ways of combining them with all sorts of ethics befitting a young girl. Moreover, pious soul that she was, she had on hand the Gospels in English, little gift editions which she gave me to read between lessons.

During that year from April to October everything I read was in the English language. This was on the advice of Frau Pfarrer; and it was there that I imbibed a lesson in concentration of mind to the matter in hand that has been of great value to me through life. The only unfamiliar text I attemped in English was Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. This book was Frau Pfarrer's parting gift and what solace on many occasions its lore has been to me! How often when I have been face to face with the " lions " has the remembrance that they were " chained "

reassured me. I would that every child of twelve years and upward might read that book.

I spent the Sunday before our departure in visiting once more my dear Grandfather, whom I had neglected shamefully during three years. Cousin Setti went with me. Strange to say, that last visit which ought to be the most memorable in all my experience seems to have vanished from my ken. I remember no more about it than I would if I had not been there. I think that in reality I was not there; I was already far away in wonderful America. I know I was rather cool toward Grandfather. I am sure that he felt it and was aggrieved. As I started to go away he gave me a coin of large denomination and turned his face away. None of the uncles or aunts was at home that day.

From there I went to Wyl, to my godmother. She gave me as parting gift a slab of bacon and cut it in two so Cousin

Setti and I could each carry half. It was so heavy that when we got into the woods we took off the wrappings and laid the bacon at the foot of a tree. I had seen Grandfather hang fresh pork into trees for the woodpeckers, and we thought the birds would find this bacon even if it was on the ground.

I wrote to Grandfather several times from America before I received an answer. Then one day a long letter came from him, telling me that his sons had died; that Aunt Ursula was taking care of him and Aunt Judith had gone back to her home in Rafz. He also wrote that he was seventy-five years old and had as yet no gray hairs, and that he was writing without the use of spectacles. I wrote him a long letter telling him that I was telegraph operator in a railroad office getting forty dollars a month, equivalent to about two hundred francs, and that I could travel free on the railroads.

Soon after that I was notified by my

godfather, who was appointed my guardian when Father left for America, that Grandfather had died and that he had left some money for me. Then I felt sad indeed, for I had begun to miss him and to realize more fully what he had been to me.

Years afterward when I visited Buchenloo I found Grandfather's house turned into an inn. Some of the old furniture was still there and in the buffet was the big pewter tankard from which as a child I loved to draw water for Grandfather.

I was so happy in the prospect of going to America and rejoining Father, that there was no sadness connected with my leave-taking from anybody. The sadness came later when I found myself among strangers in a strange land, and suffered the pangs of homesickness. Then I realized that I was missing something and somebody. It was home and friends.

The day came at last. Thanks to that old almanac of 1867, I know the exact date, for in there opposite October fourth is recorded in Mother's handwriting the fact that we three left Weiach. We went first to Baden, a city in the Canton Aargau, and our nearest railroad station. Aunt Hauser and Setti's father went with us. We had a last meal together, then we three boarded the train. I can still see the sad faces and how they wept as the train pulled out. Mother wept, too. But my brother and I felt as the average American child does who is about to go on an extended outing.

From Baden we went to Basel. Aunt Hauser had given me a little note-book and pencil and I began at once to write down the stopping-places as they were called out. In the car were ladies and gentlemen bound for Havre to take the same steamer on which Mother had engaged passage, the *William Penn*. Before Basel was reached we had become ac-

quainted with several of our fellow-passengers. They laughed at the persistency with which I got the names of the stations and wrote them down, and said I would have my book filled before we reached Basel. But it held out until we arrived at Paris and then I lost it.

We spent the night in Basel. The next morning we boarded the train for Paris, and it was not long before we crossed the Swiss frontier. Here my story will have to end, for after that I was no longer a girl in Switzerland.

THE END

INDEX

Aargau, 87, 227
Æsop, 184, 208, 219
Agassiz, Louis, 71
Almanac, 23, 24, 227
Alps, 67, 118, 170, 177
America, 19; vastness of, 60, 61; allegiance to, 75; homesick for, 75; Civil War in, 94, 167, 215; changing names in, 211; prospect of going to, 218, 221, 226; departure for, 227
Amiel, 72
Amsel, 97, 100, 101, 102
Andorra, 62
Apprentice System, 222
Arrow, 49, 115
Attinghausen, 117, 118

Baden, 11, 157, 227
Baedeker, 13, 60, 65, 66
Basel, 53, 74, 180, 227, 228
Berne, 65, 74
Birr, 87
Black Forest, 179, 180
Blatter of Basel, 87
Bodmer of Zürich, 72
Böcklin, Arnold, 71
Breitinger of Zürich, 72
Buchenloo, 44, 49, 51, 54, 59, 226

Cæsar, Julius, 10, 65
Chamisso, Adalbert v., 63, 178
Charlemagne, Emperor, 112, 113, 114
Chautauquan Magazine, 135
Cleveland, Mrs. Grover, 89
Columbia, 10
Columbus, Christopher, 209, 210
Cuckoo, 44, 79
Customs: of doing tasks in "bees," 154; of exchanging daughters, 195

Dändliker, Carl, 72
Delafontaine, 183, 208
Delavigne, 209
Dower, 41, 138
Dufour, General Henri, 74
Dunant, Jean Henri, 71, 142

Eglisau, 58, 59, 100, 180, 188
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 176, 183
Engadine, 100

Fellenberg of Berne, 87
Franc (coin), 58, 225
Freiburg, 74
Froebel, Frederic, 88
Füssli of Zürich, 87

Gallatin, Albert, 72, 116
Gelte, 27, 162, 163

Geneva, 74, 88, 197
Gens d'armes, 158, 159
Gessler, 117
Glaciers: the Aletsch, 99; the Rhone, 99
Glattfelden, 100, 222
Goats, 20, 52, 151, 152
Godey's Ladies' Magazine, 214
Goethe, 183
Graffenried of Berne, 87
Guyot, Arnold, 71

Hapsburgs, the, 117
Havre, 227
Hebel, Peter, 54, 179, 180
Helvetia, 10, 200
Helvetii, 65
Hessians, 115
Hirzel of Zürich, 87
Hodler, Ferdinand, 71
Holidays: popular, Fasnacht, 141, 142; Kirmess, 142, 143; Berchtold day, 144; Christmas Eve, 147; Sylvester day, 148; Thanks, Penance and Prayer day, 192

Iselin of Basel, 87
Index, 229
Industries, home, 13, 14; knitting, 14, 57, 151, 189; silk weaving, 14; watchmaking, 14; woodcarving, 14; straw braiding, 14, 57; spinning, 164

Journeyman, 196

Kaiserstuhl, 10, 11, 12, 13, 84, 100, 143, 158, 180, 193
Kauffmann, Angelica, 71, 133, 134, 135
Keller, Caspar, 71
Kilometer, 59
Knapsack, 39, 175, 205
Kopp, 116
Krätze, 56, 156, 162, 163
Krüsi, Herman, 72

Lausanne, 88, 89
Lavater, Johann Caspar, 72, 87
Legends, 60; of wandering Jew, 62; of serpent, 113
Lincoln, President, 94
Lion Memorial, 115
Literary Digest, 72

Mercenaries, 115, 116
Metric System, 15, 57, 58
Moser, Mary, 71, 134
Mountains: Gibisnüt, 151, 177, 199; Höbrig, 37, 99, 100, 110, 170, 177; Matterhorn, 100; Monte Rosa, 100; Schanzenberg, 99, 100, 170, 177; Stadlerberg, 200; Uetliberg, 67, 68, 98, 99, 100; Tödi, 118; Glärnisch, 118

Napoleon, 89
Necker, Jean, 72
Neerach, 175
Nepomuk, St. John of, 12
Night watchman, 69
Neuhof, 87, 88
Neuchâtel, 197

Paris, 228
Passes: Mountain, the Gemmi, 100; the Grimsel, 100
Postilion, 10

Pestalozzi: Father, famous educator, 72, 86, 88; Biographies of, 89; Author of Leonard and Gertrude, 88, 133; democratic principles of, 86; manual training introduced by, 86; birthplace of, 67, 89; statues of, 89; School in Neuhof, 87; Institute in Yverdon, 88, 197; what Diesterweg said of, 220
Pestalozzian Pilgrimage, a, 135
Pestalozzianum in Zürich, 67

Quimps, Roger de, 89

Rafz, 44, 46, 52
Red Cross Society, 71, 142
Rhine, the, 9, 11, 12, 44, 58, 99, 158, 180, 181
Rhinefelden, 44, 100, 161
Romana, Francesca, 87
Rousseau, 72
Rüden, the, 67

Sampler, 138, 139, 140, 193
San Marino, 62
Sarasin of Basel, 87
Schäppi, Miss Emilie, 98, 105, 160, 203
Schiller, 181, 182, 203
Schnapps, 96, 112
School: attendance, 74; sessions, 90; holidays, 105–110; outing, 112–118; religious instruction, 121; needlework, 136–140; continuation, 166; district high, 166–220
Seton, Mrs. Grace Gallatin, 73
Skylark, 53
Spitteler, Carl, 72
Spyri, Johanna, 72
Stäel, Madame de, 134
Stadel, 100, 168, 170, 173, 207
St. Gotthard, 178, 180
Storks, 54, 55, 206, 207
Swallows, 54
Swiss: dialect, 9, 54; Federal Railroad, 9, 59; army, 38, 205; costumes, 51; flag, 107, 142; churchyard, 189; songs of, 68; Psalm of, 200, 201; Guard at the Vatican, 116
Switzerland: "Playground of Europe," 61; area of, 61, 62; a republic, 62, 63; population of, 63; languages of, 63, 64; history of, 65; famous personages of, 71, 72, 134; universities of, 74

Tause, 162, 163
Tell, William, 72; arrow that pierced apple, 115, 116; picture of, in schools, 117; drama of, 117, 181
Tell, Madame, 117, 118
Tile stove, 132
Title: wife shares husband's, 16; derived from trade, etc., 26, 147
Tscharner, of Berne, 87
Tschudi, 72, 211
Tyrol, the, 63

United States, 61, 94

Valleys: of Reuss, 100; of Rhone, 100
Vaud, 197

Wälschland, the, 196, 197, 219
Wedding festivities, 149
Weggli, 25, 107
Weiach, 9, 10, 54, 57, 65, 99, 168, 227
Weiach-Kaiserstuhl, 13
Widmer, Leonard, 201
Wiese, die, 180, 181
Winkelried, Arnold v., 72
Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 104
Woodpeckers, 53, 225
World War, 62, 75
Wyl, 49, 224

Yverdon, 88, 89, 197, 198, 220

Zeus, 182, 183
Zürich, 65; population of, 66; Museums, 66; University, 74
Zschokke of Aargau, 87
Zwingli, Ulrich, 72, 115, 116, 134

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 230 754 1